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THE concessions in relation to submarine warfare against commerce which the administration is obtaining from Germany and her allies are most substantial. President Wilson undertook an extremely difficult task. He proposed to induce the Germans to operate their submarines in subordination to the same law of visit and search which had limited the operations of ordinary cruisers against enemy merchant vessels. The task was declared impossible and even undesirable. Naval experts asserted the submarine to be a new engine of warfare, the invention of which should be allowed to modify the existing rules which safeguarded the humane treatment of non-combatants on the high seas. Pacifists like Mr. Bryan were willing to throw over international law for the sake of avoiding trouble with Germany, and to warn all Americans that they travelled on belligerent vessels at their own risk. The President wisely refused to accept these counsels of irresponsibility. He understood that the whole question of the freedom of the seas during war was involved in the submarine violations of the law of visit and search. He insisted, and his insistence has been rewarded. Germany has not yielded the whole claim, but she has yielded ninety per cent of it. Thanks to Mr. Wilson, no precedents will be established during the present war which imply the granting to submarine commanders of a special license to kill non-combatants.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S critics are trying to belittle the achievement. They are asserting that his victory has been due to the British fleet, and that his method of dealing with Germany increased rather than diminished the chances of war with that Power. As a criticism of Mr. Wilson's general method the argument has unquestionable force, but it has no bearing upon the value of an achieved result. In view of such an achievement the criticism that they were the result of good luck or that they could have been obtained at a smaller cost of ink and blood is irrelevant in its application to this particular case. The essential thing was to extort those promises for the future which have been extorted by the administration. It is also irrelevant to allege that Germany had some nefarious motive in yielding to Mr. Wilson's insistence. Germany yielded, it is said, chiefly because she hoped by yielding to add intensity to the controversy between the United States and Great Britain. The enemies of the Allies in Congress and in the newspapers will now feel freer to press for a more vigorous handling of the American grievance against the ruler of the seas. All this is probably true. No doubt Germany did yield because she expected to gain more from abandoning than adhering to her position, just as Great Britain will not yield for a similar reason; but important as is a candid understanding of Germany's motives to the successful conduct of future diplomatic negotiations with that Power, it cannot affect the value of the specific agreement now being reached between the two countries. Through the agency of Mr. Wilson's much ridiculed notes, the law of visit and search has been rewritten on the wall for all the world to read and to obey.

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IN only one way can Mr. Wilson's achievement be invalidated—by the failure of the submarine commanders to live up to the spirit and letter of the agreement. If they do live up to the agreement the slaughter of non-combatants will stop. That is the one essential test. But if the agreement does not actually bring about its cessation, Mr. Wilson's critics will be as completely justified as if no agreement had been reached. There must be a minimum of future coroner's inquests and future offers to exchange apologies and compensation for human lives. The submarine commanders must show that instead of trying to kill non-combatants they are trying to avoid the killing. That is what the agreement means and that is the standard by which it will and should be tested. We need not be too confident that the agreement will survive the test, but in that case the costs should abide the event.

WHEN there is a calamity in the United States, a great riot, civil war, or an Eastland disaster, everybody begins to investigate. In Youngstown, Ohio, we read of three investigations. The investigators overlap, conflict, step on each other; there is for a week or two the appearance of much activity, then the tragedy is forgotten and the net result is generally nil. From the way we go about these things one would think that labor trouble was not a normal accompaniment of industry. Yet no body of well-trained men exists whose business it is to study the problem and collate experience. Each body of amateur investigators has to start from the beginning. Little is learned from the past, each episode is treated as something new, marvelous, isolated. One wonders when it will be clear to the American people that the first step demanded by common sense is a permanent federal commission on industrial relations, capable of going to Lawrence, to Paterson, to West Virginia, to Calumet, to Colorado, to Chicago, to San Diego, to Butte, to Akron, to Youngstown, or wherever else trouble occurs, in order to digest the experience and make it of some use to intelligent action.

THE Youngstown outbreak is certainly one which cannot be explained by local grand juries and prosecuting attorneys. What is needed is a body of men who have seen gunmen, provocateurs and the other accompaniments of industrial struggle in different places, men who are "wise" to the actual conflict, and who are capable of weighing the sinister hints which came from Youngstown. Who hired the nineteen detective agencies mentioned? What connection did they have with the incipient organization of the twenty-three nationalities represented in the works? Who furnished the whisky, who started the burning, who fired the shots? Did labor or the employers engage "outsiders" to stir up trouble, or did both? The grounds for suspicion are real, and are supported by our knowledge of other strikes. It is impossible not to recall the dynamite planted by the employers' side at Lawrence, the thugs employed by manufacturers and unionists in recent garment strikes, the provocateurs who have been exposed, the spies that heads of some corporations have admitted publicly were in their employ, or the gunmen record in Colorado. At Youngstown there is persuasive indication of outside stimulus. The American Federation of Labor organizers are demanding full investigation, and there is reason to suppose that they would not demand it so loudly if they feared it. But the agency to make the investigation does not exist. We still expect the machinery of our courts not only to pass upon the public policy of a great railroad, but to distill wisdom from the manifestations of the labor struggle.

CONTRARY to the opinion of most military observers, the withdrawal of the remaining Allied forces from the Gallipoli Peninsula has been accomplished practically without loss. The Dardanelles campaign has become history. It is hardly probable that the blame for it will be placed so much upon the generals at the front as upon the British Cabinet, but especially upon Winston Churchill. He—or they—thought originally that the old pro-British party in Constantinople would assert itself by open revolution as soon as the Queen Elizabeth fired her first fifteen-inch shot. This turned out to be untrue. Again it was supposed that the Turks, even though in greater force than the British, would fight no better than they had fought at Lule Burgas. On the contrary, they fought very much better; and there is a lesson in this for us. For the success of overseas expeditions depends not so much on the military organization of the invader as upon that of the invaded. Against any sort of serious resistance such expeditions generally fail, as witness our solitary victory over the British during the war of 1812. At New Orleans Andrew Jackson defeated a well-equipped body of Peninsular veterans under an experienced commander. The problems of rearming and reprovisioning by sea an expeditionary force in hostile territory are so complicated that unless a complete victory is achieved at once the probabilities are that it will never be achieved.

UP to date the policy of the Republicans in Congress seems to have two planks: keep quiet and let the Democrats make mistakes; talk tariff as a patent remedy for all human ills. The unhappy thing about a two-party system is that the

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opposition always gains by the weakness of the administration. Every criticism levelled at the Democrats helps the Republicans, though the truth may be that the Republicans are no less at fault. Just now, for example, the preparedness issue is in a state of incredible confusion. A courageous, active, and intelligent opposition would relieve the whole situation. But it does not exist. The Republicans are assuming no responsibilities; they are playing the thoroughly discreditable game of gloating over failures which they will not lift a hand to avert. They show no sign of caring deeply about any national issue. They offer the country no honorable substitute for the Democratic confusion. They are hoping that the country when it grows tired of the frying-pan will jump happily into the fire.

REASONS for this dismal Republicanism seem to be two. The first is that the split in 1912 denuded the party of some of its ablest and most public-spirited leaders; the leaders went out and the party hacks remained in control. The second reason is that the voting strength of the party consists in manufacturers and wage-earners primarily interested in the tariff, and farmers either lukewarm about armaments or hostile to their increase. Republican leaders such as there are do not dare to take a positive position for fear of revealing the weakness of their following, so they avoid public questions and are concentrating on the congenial business of securing the offices. The words "Anything to beat Wilson" are about as degraded as a slogan could be; they are a humiliation to anyone who is in honest disagreement with the Wilson administration.

BUSINESS men are rapidly developing an international sense, to judge from the results of the referendum recently held by the Chambers of Commerce of the United States. On the question of a congress of neutral nations, called at the initiative of the United States for the purpose of defining rules for the due protection of life and property on the high seas, 763 affirmative votes were cast and 29 negative. On the question whether the United States should take the initiative in joining with other nations for the establishment of an international court to decide justiciable disputes between nations, the affirmative vote was 753 and the negative 21. The question of establishing an international council of conciliation for the consideration of questions not depending upon established rules or facts—e.g., questions of national honor or vital interests—the affirmative vote was 744 and the negative 28. There were 556 votes in favor of applying "economic pressure," progressing from commercial embargo to complete non-intercourse, to nations refusing to avail themselves of the court or council before resorting to hostilities. The negative vote was 157. On the question whether a recalcitrant nation should be subjected further to concerted military coercion if economic pressure proved insufficient, the affirmative vote was 452 and the negative 249. There was almost unanimous support for the proposition that the United States should take the initiative in establishing frequent international conferences for the progressive amendment of international law. In estimating the importance of these votes, we should bear in mind that they are not straw votes, held at a time when questions of peace and war are more or less academic, but the voice of a class very intimately in touch with a public sentiment now much aroused. The business men of the country have come to a realization that questions of peace and war are matters of world concern, and that neutral nations have a right to claim representation in determining them. They also recognize the necessity of force behind neutral good will, and accept, by a remarkable majority, the sanest and most practicable method, under modern conditions, of employing force—economic pressure.

BELIEF exists in many quarters that the present Russian offensive from the Styr to Czernowitz is being carried forward with a view to bringing Rumania into the war. This is scarcely probable. The pro-German elements in Rumania—Alexander Marghiloman and presumably the young King—have lately brought pressure upon Premier Bratianu to open hostilities on the German side, but it is unlikely that either Russia or the Teutonic Powers expect more of Rumania at present than a careful neutrality. Rumania means to go in for the last ten weeks of the war, but she wants to be quite sure it is the last ten weeks before she goes in. And that situation appears more distant than ever. It is much more likely that the Russians are bringing to bear upon a depleted force the weight of their numbers, for weight of numbers has been the Russians' best weapon in all wars. Since the beginning of this one, in prisoners alone the Austrians have lost one million men. Add an estimate of killed, badly wounded, and died of disease, and one cannot help concluding that nearly half the military effectives of Austria-Hungary are already *hors de combat.* This alone is sufficient reason for General Ivanoff's offensive; Austria is, and always has been, the weak link of the German chain.

IT is reported that Secretary McAdoo wishes the forthcoming administration ship bill to be rechristened the naval auxiliary bill. Normally this attempt to enlist the support of the public enthu-

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siasm for preparedness might be harmless enough. It carries with it, however, the danger of confusion of issues which may have serious consequences. All that our naval policy requires is a certain number of ocean-going vessels, of given build and capacity, subject to immediate call in time of need. Where and how they are operated in the meantime, what commercial wants they fill and how effectively they can be made to fill them, are from this point of view immaterial. These vessels the ship bill can undoubtedly supply, although there seems no reason to doubt that a naval subvention such as that paid by Great Britain would be fully as effective and perhaps no more costly. But our commercial and maritime policy calls for more. Not only must merchant vessels be built to carry the American flag, but they must be operated in permanent lines, where our foreign trade requires them, beyond possible control by influences adverse to our commercial development. Here a publicly owned line may succeed where private lines have failed. Yet it is just this phase of the subject that the ship bill, according to present indications, will neglect. If the government is to undertake only the purchase or construction of a merchant fleet, and to throw the responsibility of operating it on private shoulders, a frank policy of subsidy is to be preferred.

A CRUEL and unusual punishment has been meted out to the student mind at Bowdoin, New York University, and a Middle Western state university whose name is discreetly veiled. Elementary questions about the war, such as the location of Gallipoli and Saloniki, the identity of Venizelos, Viviani, Poincaré, the names of the rulers of Greece and Turkey, were presented to certain college classes, with the result that Venizelos appeared as anything from a French general to a Mexican rebel, a Spanish artist to the Premier of Italy, while Montenegro was impartially washed by every sea in Europe and eastern Asia. The Dean of Bowdoin questions whether students of New England colleges are very steady newspaper readers. Our newspapers tend to swamp foreign news in a mass of local gossip, yet the discerning eye can usually find the latest news of the war in even the provincial papers. The trouble is that if the proper names mean nothing, the reading is of limited good. The fault is in the student's own background. All these colleges are maintaining departments in modern history. In most colleges general history is a required subject for freshmen. What are we to think of methods of teaching which shelve the present for the past, and of professors who imagine they are teaching history when four-fifths of their students do not know whether Winston Churchill or von Bethmann-Hollweg is Prime Minister of England?

Aggressive Pacifism

SINCE the war began, every conceivable attitude towards it has been audibly represented in American public opinion; but among this endless diversity of views we may disentangle one as the most popular and typical. Its adherents may or may not have sympathized with one side or the other. They may or may not have passed judgment on the motives and actions of the several fighting nations. But whatever their sympathies or judgments, they did not allow these distractions to influence their opinion as what American policy should be in relation to the war. The business of the United States as a whole was to be neutral—to be nothing but neutral and to be entirely neutral. The war involved no American interest so important as that of declining to be sucked into its inevitable losses, its cruel sufferings and its malignant hatreds. To these people neutrality was not merely a legal status or a shifty expedient to avoid responsibility, it was itself the prime responsibility owed by the American government to the American people. If it were neglected or undervalued we would be recreant to the salutary national tradition of inoffensive pacific isolation.

The most illuminating discussion and the most damaging exposure of this typical American attitude towards the war is contained in a book recently published by Mr. Norman Angell, entitled, "The World's Highway." Mr. Angell is as far as any American can be from wishing to involve the United States in an exclusively European controversy, but he is also far from believing that we have made any contribution to peace merely by staying out of the war, or that we have exhausted American responsibility in relation to it merely by acting on special and exclusively American interests. On the contrary he attributes most of our present perplexities to the practical inefficiency and moral ineptitude of converting neutrality into a dogma. His argument is an exhaustive indictment of neutrality as the only alternative to belligerency. So long as we consider the neutral status, no matter how conscientious and profitable, a sufficient answer to aggressive belligerency, so long will we remain ineffective, insecure, and even insincere friends of peace. A nation which pretends to make its influence in the world count against war cannot remain satisfied with a system of public law which confines non-fighting nations to neutrality. Belligerency is so positive, so insistent and so inexorable, that if neutrality is the only alternative, the world will come to be organized primarily for war rather than peace.

That belligerency is beginning to invade the domain of a merely inoffensive neutrality is sufficiently indicated by the recent change in American public

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opinion in relation to armaments. In the fall of 1914 the great majority of Americans believed themselves to be sufficiently protected by the screen of inoffensive neutrality against a belligerent world, and they did not rise to the demand for increasing armament. Now they are rising, and their response constitutes an implicit criticism of their traditional faith in neutrality. They have made of neutrality a dogma because, in a choice confined to neutrality and belligerency, they expected to remain neutral. They are now renouncing that expectation. Timidly and with a bad conscience but still irresistibly, they are seeking to preserve their isolation by preparing for war rather than by turning their backs upon it. These preparations may be and are being justified as necessary to national security, but if huge armaments are necessary to security, that is because an inoffensive and comparatively unarmed isolation brings with it insecurity. The American people, whether they realize it or not, have abandoned the tradition that neutral isolation is a sufficient protection against war.

What policy have we substituted for it? To what end are we renouncing our inoffensive neutrality? We claim that it is for self-defence, but if we are to fight, every fighter knows that a merely defensive policy is suicidal. It is as indefensible on political as on military grounds. By arming exclusively to protect American independence, to avoid European entanglements and to preserve our sovereign isolation, we should be domesticating the most dubious aspect of Europeanism and repudiating the most salutary. We should be competing with Europe in battleships and army corps, but not in the attempt at coöperation and mutual understanding. We should be disturbing the Balance of Power without contributing anything to a European concert. The idea is intolerable. There was some sense in an unarmed inoffensive neutrality. There can be none in a neutral isolation which seeks to cure its own anaemia by pumping into its cheeks the crimson flush of belligerent intoxication. Armament is an essentially offensive mechanism, and in the long run must be used for offensive purposes. American armament will be a disastrous crime unless it helps to make American policy aggressively pacific.

Aggressive pacifism is the third alternative which will rescue the United States from the fatal choice between sheer belligerence and neutral isolation. Such pacifism might be impossible if the only medium of communication among the nations of the world was the land, because power based on land tends to be exclusive, jealous, competitive and particularist. But fortunately there is the sea as well as the land. The seas, which once were supposed to divide the peoples of the world one from another, have gradually become the most substantial medium of international intercourse. As a consequence of improvements in navigation, effectual policing and the beginnings of an international order, the seas have become comparatively free. Their freedom has made of them the highway of the world. As Mr. Angell says, the nations which use the highway form a super-national society to the full extent of that use. As travellers on the highway they have common interests in making the traffic secure and remunerative. They have a common obligation to seek a maritime organization which will promote these common interests, and they have a common opportunity to use the concert of the sea as at least a check upon the discord of the land. The United States is a most important member of this international maritime society. Its future lies upon the seas more than that of Germany, and only less than that of the British Empire. American isolation is a delusion because American obligations to the maritime community can never be discharged by neutrality. If we fulfil these obligations, a way of securing peace for ourselves and for the rest of the world opens up which is far more effective and inspiring than that of either merely shirking war or merely preparing for it.

This maritime community can be subjected to a system of control whose ultimate object shall be the pacification of the world. Such control exists at present, but it is a precarious and incomplete control. It is insecure because it is exercised by only one nation, and as an instrument of national rather than international policy. Great Britain is the mistress of the seas. Her organ of control is the British fleet. She has assumed the right to rule all trade over the seas, even trade between neutrals, which may be of possible assistance to her enemies. Although for the present this control is absolute, it will not remain absolute. The exercise of so much power over the welfare and destiny of other nations is an enormously valuable privilege. It cannot be exercised by one nation without provoking an inevitable, dangerous and expensive rivalry. Great Britain has outbuilt her rivals in the past, but she cannot continue to do so indefinitely. She will have to share her power, and by sharing it to make it both more complete and more secure. By offering to share the burden of this power and thus placing it beyond the possibility of challenge, and by insisting in return on an unmistakably pacific definition of its controlling purpose, the United States and other inoffensive neutrals would be adopting an aggressively pacific policy. They would be renouncing the irresponsibility of neutral isolation, and consecrating, if necessary, the terrible responsibility of becoming belligerent.

For a neutral nation like the United States the kind of aggressive pacifism just suggested involves, as compared with neutral isolation, certain severe

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losses. It involves the total suppression of trade with any belligerent which offends the code of public law. Such supression may mean ruin to individual merchants, and they are likely to prefer consequently the traditional policy of avoiding the entanglement and of standing out for all accessible trade with any and all belligerents. But in a world which was seeking a practicable method of organizing peace, adherence to this traditional policy would brand the United States as an unscrupulous commercial profiteer. We should remain, as we are now, the accomplice of the belligerent power which happens to control the sea; and like most accomplices we should be victimized by those we served and hated by those we injured. Our national policy in time of war would be prompted by no higher object than that of manufacturing the misfortunes, the mistakes and the faults of other nations into wages for American labor and profits for American business men.

If we are to adopt the sounder policy of aggressive pacifism, the nation should certainly insure the individual merchants against the losses which the declaration of a trade embargo against an illegitimate belligerent would involve; but the national responsibilty for the interests of private foreign traders during war should cease at that point. The persistent attempt to promote such trade, whatever its effect on national welfare, would place us in an invidious position. We should be applying to foreign trade a principle which we no longer applied to domestic trade—the principle that all business was good business and deserved to be let alone. The rest of the nations would resent it. They are resenting it now. Our present unpopularity is the result of the commercial selfishness underlying our policy of neutral isolation. This selfishness may have been excusable during the early days of the industrial revolution, but standards have changed. Stubborn adherence to it, now that the vista of a better way has been opened up, would intensify European resentment. We should become the object of general contempt and cordial dislike, and we should deserve it.

Pan-Americanism Defined

THE recent Pan-American scientific congress has admirably fulfilled the purpose for which it was called. It has contributed perceptibly to the work of promoting some form of closer political association between the United States and its American neighbors to the south. James G. Blaine was the first American statesman who divined that the Monroe Doctrine would remain a source of suspicion and misunderstanding in Central and South America until its scope was defined and the consent obtained of its alleged beneficiaries. The idea of which he was the originator was carried along by subsequent Secretaries of State, in particular by Elihu Root; but not until the Wilson administration was any serious attempt made to reach a definite agreement. Mr. Wilson's method of dealing with the other American states to the south has had the great merit of disarming their suspicions and winning their confidence. Our southern neighbors seem finally convinced of the good faith of the United States. The Monroe Doctrine no longer looks to them like a fortress which, even though it protects them from Europe, also affords a cover behind which the United States could at their expense cultivate an imperialist policy. The removal of these suspicions is a fine achievement in which the friends of the administration may very well rejoice. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lansing have succeeded in improving our relations with the other American states and at the same time in removing some of the ambiguity from a most dangerous phase of American foreign policy.

Some of the ambiguity of the Monroe Doctrine has been removed, but unfortunately some remains and new ambiguities have replaced the old. According to Mr. Wilson, Pan-Americanism should enable the states of America to unite " in guaranteeing to each other absolute political independence and territorial integrity." If such a guarantee is ever embodied in a treaty, it will mean that the smaller states on this continent are protected not only against European aggression, but against aggression from one another and from the United States. The infringement of the sovereign independence of an American state by another state in Europe or America would afford excuse for a valid legal protest, supported, if necessary and possible, by military coercion. No wonder the Central and South American states are pleased with this definition of the Monroe Doctrine. If formally adopted it will impose on the United States the legal obligation of protecting them against all interference from any one or any group of European Powers. It will equally impose on the United States the obligation of protecting one South American state against another. Finally it will prevent the United States itself from doing anything to impair the absolute independence of any neighboring state, no matter how obnoxious the neighbor may become. The United States assumes the work of protecting other American states against assaults upon their independence without assuming any responsibility for the way in which their independence is being used.

This proposed formulation of Pan-Americanism encounters one fatal difficulty. Its advocates are seeking to accomplish two contradictory purposes. They are aiming to create a secure and permanent international organization of American states without doing anything to impair or to improve the na-

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tional independence of any one of them. They propose, that is, to create a community of wholly independent and largely irresponsible individuals.

The community has but one object—that of preserving the sovereign isolation and irresponsibility of its constituent members. If the South American states were to form such a community of nations among themselves, it might gradually develop into a useful federal league, because there would be some reciprocity of rights and duties among its associated members; but as soon as the United States entered the league the reciprocity would vanish. Pan-Americanism would then mean a relation between the United States and the other American nations, according to which the big Power assumed most of the duties and the small Powers most of the rights. The guarantee of the independence and integrity of this country by Paraguay, Chile, or even Argentina does not increase our security. If we could not defend our independence without their help, we certainly could not defend it with their help. On the other hand, the guarantee of the independence of Paraguay and Peru by the United States is a right of enormous value to those smaller countries, which they do nothing to earn except by returning to us their own worthless promise of protection.

It comes consequently to this: Pan-Americanism in its latest definition compromises the independence and the security of only one American Power, viz., the United States. No European or American Power can seriously threaten the integrity of our continental territory. If we confine ourselves to the protection of this territory and that of Canada and Mexico, our immediate neighbors, we have no very serious or expensive military problem on our hands. But if we extend our protection to the whole of Central and South America we incur an enormous military responsibility, the fulfillment of which will impair our own security. We shall be under obligations to defend territory as remote from New York as Africa against all foreign attack, and so dissipate resources which if concentrated would be sufficient for our own safety. The General Board of the navy is perfectly right in asking for a navy as large as Great Britain's in case the duty of defending the whole hemisphere is fastened on the American fleet; and if Congress consented to the demand, the attempt to develop Pan-American pacifism would have the paradoxical result of doing more than anything else to increase the military burdens of the American democracy.

The criticisms are suggested not out of any hostility to Pan-Americanism, but in the hope that whenever a union of the American states assumes a legal form the arrangement will not ignore the essential and irretrievable difficulties of the problem. An enduring and fruitful Pan-American agreement must not bestow an express legal validity upon the pernicious doctrine of the absolute independence of separate sovereign states. Some states, like Hayti and Nicaragua, are not any more independent than defective children. The independence they secure must be developed. But the absolute independence of states, instead of being the quality most deserving of perpetuation, is the one which must surely yield to the advance of any genuine international organization. The United States like the rest must voluntarily curtail its freedom of action; but it should not do so merely for the purpose of conferring on other states the independence and the security which it is itself renouncing or compromising. Pan-Americanism must obtain a more positive and universal purpose than that of affording to American Powers guarantees which, so long as Europe is left out of the arrangement, must always be both costly and precarious.

Government by Indictment

FAILURE by the government to secure a conviction against any of the New Haven directors was not unexpected. A jury is slow to convict under a statute whose scope even the courts are unable to define. But apart from the outcome of the case and its effect on the fortunes of the men most immediately concerned, the trial will long stand as a monument to the inadequacy of the judicial machinery available for the conduct of cases of this type.

For intricacy of detail the evidence in this case has seldom been equalled. A hundred odd corporations, mingled and intertwined inextricably; assets in the form of steamboats, street railways, terminals, stock, bonds, flitting about in bewildering confusion from corporation to corporation; drafts and checks ranging into the millions, threading devious paths from railroad treasury to bank, from bank to dummy corporation, from dummy corporation to steamboat company; high financiers meeting in mysterious conferences, and obscure fifteen-dollar-a-week clerks suddenly appearing as signers of checks with six ciphers: merely to master the facts in outline is a feat which only those trained in the ways of corporate finance can hope to achieve, even after long and intensive study. The twelve jurors in the New Haven case, after listening for months to testimony elicited according to formal rules, by question and answer, often from witnesses both unwilling and astute, were expected to understand these facts and to keep them clearly in mind while they deliberated their verdict.

From these intricate facts the jury were furthermore expected to draw certain broad conclusions, conclusions which, one would suppose, would be

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valueless unless drawn against a background of ripe experience and trained judgment. An example will suffice. The principal feature of the government's case rested on the supposition that the Boston and Maine and the New Haven at the time of their consolidation were competitive roads. Whether this competition existed was a subject on which railroad and traffic experts disagreed. An official Massachusetts commission had reached the conclusion that it did not. The prosecution had to ask for a revision of this judgment at the hands of a body of twelve men whose necessary qualification was that they had had no previous familiarity with the New England railway system.

Yet even this was not the limit of their task. It was once imagined that the Sherman law drew a bright line between lawful conduct and crime. The Standard Oil and the Tobacco decisions proved that this was an illusion. "Those cases," said the Supreme Court a few years ago, "may be taken to have established that only such contracts and combinations are within the act as, by reason of intent or the inherent nature of the contemplated acts, prejudice the public interests by unduly restricting competition, or unduly obstructing the course of trade." In other words, the ultimate decision in a case under the act turns not on a question of law nor on a question of fact, but on a question of business judgment and social policy. After disentangling the detailed facts, after drawing the broad conclusions, the twelve men in the jury box were expected, under appropriate instructions from the court, to make up their minds whether the combination had unduly prejudiced the public interest. It is no reflection on the jury in the New Haven case to recognize that this was utterly beyond their power.

A jury is an excellent tribunal to weigh common human motives, to sift the false from the genuine, to apply the common sense of everyday life to simple issues of fact. Confronted with a case as specialized as that of the New Haven directors, called upon to decide policies so momentous, these qualifications are of but little value. In such a case the jury system breaks down. Indeed in all other features of railroad administration it has been discarded as an instrument of regulation. No one would think to-day of leaving, let us say, the recent five per cent rate case to a jury of citizens. The Act to Regulate Commerce declares that all rates must be reasonable; and a violation of the act is made criminal. But before a railroad can be convicted for maintaining unreasonable rates there must be an investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission, a determination by that body that the rates are unreasonable, an order establishing reasonable rates, and a violation of that order by the railroad. Questions involving the classification of freight, discrimination among shippers, the granting of rebates, are in the same category. These are questions of such technical difficulty, of such social importance, and they so imperatively call for uniform solution, that they cannot be entrusted to a haphazard jury. The Supreme Court has now definitely decided that wherever, in a case arising under the Interstate Commerce act, there is a general administrative question turning on considerations of business judgment and discretion, the Interstate Commerce Commission alone has power to pass on it, and must pass on it before there can be either civil or criminal action.

If it were not for the historical accident that combinations of railroads were held to fall within the Sherman law instead of being covered by the Interstate Commerce act, the Interstate Commerce Commission alone would have had jurisdiction, and such a solemn farce as the New Haven trial would have been impossible. Surely the extent to which combinations among railroads can be permitted without prejudicing the public interests is a question as technically intricate, as socially important, and as much in need of authoritative decision as are questions immediately involving rates and service. Under the Clayton act care was taken to confer on the Interstate Commerce Commission rather than on the Department of Justice the enforcement of provisions restricting joint stock ownership among railroads. This was a step in the right direction. But it is not enough. With the present development of administrative railroad regulation there can be no danger in excluding railroads entirely from the Sherman law, and placing the whole question of the interrelation of railroads and of their grouping into systems under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

To the public such a change would bring a great advance in stability and central responsibility. It would greatly assist the Interstate Commerce Commission in its gigantic task of welding the railroads into a national transportation system. The Department of Justice, also, would find system of this kind infinitely more workable. Where the rules to be followed are concrete and definite, a violation is easily detected. There has been no difficulty in recent years in securing convictions for violations of the Interstate Commerce act. And to the men who run the railroads it would be a welcome change. The railroad manager who is trying to bring small competing roads into effective coöperation, may, by the present law, be sent to prison for adopting a course as to the reasonableness of which rational men may differ, merely because the jury's ideas of railroad policy differ from his. To compel the board of directors of a railroad, before it can consolidate with another road, to guess what view a jury will take of

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the reasonableness of the combination is neither rational nor just. To a railroad honestly run, supervision by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and criminal responsibility only where its orders are violated, would be infinitely preferable.

The Palmer Letter

ON January 10th the Washington correspondent of the New York *World,* Mr. Louis Seibold, published a letter written by Mr. Wilson as President-elect to Representative A. Mitchell Palmer. The letter explains Mr. Wilson's objections to the so-called Bryan plan for limiting the President's tenure to a single term of office. The letter was confidential at the time it was written, but its publication now is not an "exposé." The New York *World* is perhaps the leading Wilson paper in the East, and we may assume that the administration allowed Mr. Seibold to print it. As a political move it is obviously intended to check any Democratic opposition which might crystallize around the "one-term" plank of the Baltimore platform.

But the letter has a greater interest than this, for it helps us to look into the President's mind just before he took office. The earlier tone is in it, the tone of the "New Freedom" and the gallant fight in New Jersey, the tone of faith and enthusiasm for popular government, pitiless publicity, and plain speaking. Mr. Wilson believed there were to be no more nominating conventions, that in 1916 candidates would be chosen at a nation-wide primary. His faith did not halt there. He believed that as President he would do away with the power of patronage to dictate a renomination.

> I absolutely pledge myself to resort to nothing but public opinion to decide that question [i.e. a second term]. The President ought to be absolutely deprived of every other means of deciding it. He can be. . . . It is intolerable that any President should be permitted to determine who should succeed him—himself or another—by patronage or coercion, or any sort of control of the machinery by which delegates to the nominating convention are chosen.

Presumably Mr. Wilson meant to take his appointments out of party politics. His words seem to indicate that he had in mind some kind of civil service reform which would reduce the President's patronage. No such reform has taken place, of course, and while there is no ground for saying that Mr. Wilson has used patronage for his personal ends, he has unquestionably allowed it to be used for the purposes of his party. The deserving Democrats were not confined to Mr. Bryan's friends. On the very day when the Palmer letter was published Mr. Wilson allowed it to leak out that a Tammany politician might supplant an efficient and well-tried Postmaster in the city of New York.

There is consequently not a little irony in the idealism of this letter. But curiously enough the letter itself explains why Mr. Wilson has become a practical politician. He is speaking of the President's function:

> He must be Prime Minister as much concerned with the guidance of legislation as with the just and orderly execution of the law.

In other words, Mr. Wilson determined to depend upon his party to carry through tariff and currency legislation. But in depending upon his party Mr. Wilson had to hold his party together, and the glue that consolidates parties is patronage, "pork," pensions. Mr. Wilson could not be Prime Minister and a reformer in the civil service and budget. The price of his legislative success was the abandonment of his ideal that he must decide all questions by a resort to "public opinion." Mr. Wilson chose to pay the price. The price was Mr. Bryan, Tammany, Roger Sullivan, a good deal of administrative disorganization, and a very large number of exceedingly weak partisan appointments.

The Mitchell-Palmer letter belongs to Woodrow Wilson's romantic period, to the time when the polished catchwords of orthodox political theory were still the substance of his thought. Party government, public opinion, the fine slogans of Whig statesmanship, looked like the clear, disinterested notions that we should all like them to be. They were uttered with the naïveté of the high-minded, and in comparison with them the truths of politics seem cynical and brutal. In those days Mr. Wilson could believe that a great party might be controlled by reasoned judgment and splendid motives. He no longer believes this. He could believe in a President leading a party with no power but the force of his righteousness. The test of reality is a ruthless test.

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The Alleged Catholic Danger

ALARM seems to be felt in various quarters about the power of the Catholic church in the United States. After being long obscure and tolerated with a smile, apparently the prelates are beginning to wear their robes in public and to boast that the future of religion in America is in their hands. This assurance is itself more American than Catholic. The tone prevalent in the church from the earlier ages has been (saving the eloquence) like that of the Hebrew prophets, one of lamentation, foreboding and invective; what is good is at best a consolation that may perhaps put off the evil day. But the tone of American Catholics is pleasantly American. It is wonderful how silently, amicably, and happily they live in a community whose spirit is diametrically opposed to that of their religion.

Mr. John Jay Chapman in his "Notes on Religion" explained half of this anomaly. "We have not been interested in religion; we have forgotten the principles of the matter. The extraordinary ignorance of our people in matters of history, their belief in destiny, their inability to stop and reflect about anything, their desire that our politics shall not contain any religious question, their sense of security—all these things have led the Americans of the last fifty years to hide their heads in the sand in regard to the doings of the Roman Catholic Church." But the other half of the anomaly remains unexplained, how the Catholic faith, in persons who hold it so sincerely and affectionately as the Irish do, for instance, can leave them entirely at peace in a land where everything—traditions, government, manners, standards, and hopes—implies a profound disbelief in any such system.

American life is a powerful solvent. As it stamps the immigrant, almost before he can speak English, with an unmistakable muscular tension, cheery self-confidence and habitual challenge in the voice and eyes, so it seems to neutralize every intellectual element, however tough and alien it may be, and to fuse it in the native good-will, complacency, thoughtlessness, and optimism. The American Catholic looks at his inherited religion in this acquired spirit. His church, he feels, is a first-rate church to belong to; the priests are fine fellows, like the policemen; the Sisters are dear noble women, like his own sisters; his parish is flourishing, and always rebuilding its church and founding new schools, orphan asylums, sodalities, confraternities, perpetual adoration societies. No parish can raise so much money for any object, or if there are temporary troubles, the fact still remains that America has three Cardinals and that the Catholic religion is the biggest religion on earth. Attachment to his church in such a temper brings him into no serious conflict with his Protestant neighbors. They live and meet on common ground. Their respective religions pass among them for family matters, private and sacred, with no political implications.

But this, in respect to the Catholic church, is a fundamental error. All ancient religions are political. Either in spots, like paganism, or thoroughly and minutely, as in the Jewish law and the Koran, they set out to supply divine guidance for the government of society, no less than for the private conscience. Their regimen is held to be the sole means of making men sane in this world and happy in the next. If therefore the Catholic church ever became dominant in America, it would without doubt, by virtue of its concrete mission, transform American life and institutions. In the measure of its power and prudence it would abolish religious liberty, the freedom of the press, divorce, and lay education. Whether there is any danger of so surprising a revolution the reader has doubtless better means of judging than I; but what he perhaps has had no opportunity of discovering is the nature of the constraint which the Catholic church puts upon the life, and especially the religious life, of its members.

Mr. Chapman, for instance, calls it a contradiction that mystical experience, which he finds present in the church, should coëxist at all with a system of doctrine and moral government which, as he imagines, intercepts all mystical experience at its source. I see the contradiction between the theory that a thing must be intercepted by certain agencies and the admitted fact that it is not; but apart from infelicities of expression, Mr. Chapman seems to have missed the source of the trouble which undoubtedly exists, and the actual relation between religious experience and religious institutions. The mystical feeling comes first: it can never be intercepted. On occasion of alarming phenomena, like thunder, death, or apparitions, or else welling up without apparent occasion from within, a mysterious emotion seizes the mind automatically. Sceptics may call this experience pathological and say it means nothing, but the person affected always asks what it means. He assumes that it is a revelation of something external or permanent, which it is momentous to take to heart and to report to others. As the senses reveal a material world capable of

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being mapped out and reacted upon with increasing accuracy by intelligent people, so mystical experience explores the influences under which it arises. It is always taken to reveal a second world, or rather invisible or distant part of this world, knowledge of which may be accumulated and transmitted. It is just so, with a remarkable fidelity to type, that the mystics wish us to take the records of the Psychical Research Society. Just so, too, by experiment and tradition based on the principle that mystical experience is significant, ancient peoples accumulated their elaborate religions.

There is no element in the Catholic system, ancient or modern, that is not the expression of somebody's mystical experience, surprising him either in the creative re-telling of legend, when he sees intuitively what further things *must* have happened, or in spontaneous variations in worship, or in the depths of metaphysical contemplation. What the church has done is to gather these mystical experiences together, in so far as their import is cumulative, eagerly welcoming every new inspiration not incompatible with the old. So grotesquely untrue is the notion that religious institutions must intercept religious experience at its source.

Whence then the cruel rebuffs that some mystics meet with in every church? From this, that the wind bloweth where it listeth, and that religious experiences prompt all sorts of fixed persuasions incompatible with one another. Those of us who live happily enough without revelations may be willing to let these discordant mystics enjoy their several harmonies, like so many rival musical composers, each in his unenvied heaven; but the mystics themselves, being inwardly illuminated, are fiercely intolerant. Any contradiction to the voice of God speaking in their hearts is insufferable to them. What then remains for them to say of the contrary inspirations of others? Only that they are the whisperings of Beelzebub: an opinion which saves the situation for each particular seer, but hardly increases the peace of the mystical household. This brave expedient is far from obsolete. Mr. Chapman regards the spontaneous and sincere insights of Nietzsche as diabolical, because they contradict his own. The insults which the author of "Lead Kindly Light" heaps on the Mohammedans are beyond belief. It is not worldly ecclesiastics that kindle the fires of persecution, but mystics who think they hear the voice of God.

The triumph of the Catholic church, if it were possible, would accordingly not suppress religious experience in America, it would immensely increase and intensify it; but it would tolerate only what it could assimilate. All independent pursuits of truth would be over, the truth in crucial matters being supposed to be known. The sciences, history especially, would have to twist their conclusions to fit the faith, and there would be an end to radical experiments in morals and to the hope of any essential lightening of human burdens. However remotely the church felt that it might be affected by any movement, its fanaticism would be aroused; its intense belief in the supreme importance of its mission would blind it to every other interest; as against its enemies, it would be incapable of so much as the idea of justice, and it would be a placid accomplice to every crime that seemed to make for its ascendency.

This a frightful prospect enough; failure in all that the modern heart is set upon. Yet the world has survived that ordeal once, and would survive it again; and it could still say with Homer: "Endure, my heart; worse things hast thou endured." As Mr. Chapman observed very justly, the Catholic church requires submission, not uniformity. It suppresses obnoxious conclusions when stubbornly maintained; it is remarkably favorable to the play of mind. You are born to an institution, a tradition, a genial and a rich life; you are not stifled in cant or caught in a formula. If you are a good child of the family, romping is allowed. It is not as if everyone were forced to become a Hegelian and to do the same trick every time he opened his mouth. Dante, Chaucer, and Cervantes were entirely docile but entirely different. All a Catholic need do, in letting his genius go, is to say to himself sincerely: "If this is right, let it be used and built into the edifice: if it is wrong, let it pass for an idle fancy. Who am I that I should insist?" This attitude would have saved him from the stake in the middle ages, and nowadays it might save many a man from suicide or the madhouse.

Such humility, if it binds the mind in one sense, liberates it in another. A wit, a satirist, an artist, a man of passionate fancy, finds more sympathy and more freedom in a Catholic atmosphere than in a Protestant one. Nor is the intellect reduced by this reasonable modesty to trivial undertakings. Of course, a man whose inspiration is hostile to tradition will be starved and persecuted; he will have to face death if he is impetuous, and if he is prudent he will be obliged to leave his discoveries unpublished, to be unearthed perhaps by some sympathetic soul in a later generation. But if his inspiration is in harmony with the organic and traditional system about him, itself a product of inspiration, he is buoyed up at once and lifted on the shoulders of a great past; he is supplied with a function and a standard beyond himself. He is not expected to solve every ultimate question offhand. He acquires authority by submitting to it, he can become a master because he has been a pupil. The dignity of an immortal coöperation and unanimity

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raises him above all pertness and folly. That is the reason why great works of imagination appear only in ages of moral unity, or immediately after, when the grand style, the sure gamut, the voluminous passion of that age are still in the air. Our intellectual liberty is itself a great inheritance, but it deprives us of every other. Each little barbarous mind plays with what pebbles it happens to pick up. No subject is beyond anybody's range, and the temple of opinion is like a shop with the alluring motto: *Nothing over ten cents.*

The Catholic system has many ancient sources, having been developed by the Fathers to unite and console antiquity in its decline, and it is, by the way, far more Greek than Roman in its religious texture. As Mr. Chapman says, "It is the greatest historic residuum in the world, the most perfect piece of the past, and it gives us a more accurate measure for judging the past than any other extant institution." But it is also modern, the one complete, stable religion alive under our noses. Without a just understanding of it the present is unintelligible and the future, perhaps, is apt to be miscalculated, for we are still in the era of religions. The mind is deeply perplexed about its origin and without trained courage to face the facts. Yet who takes pains to understand this most human of phenomena?

Mr. Chapman himself is at sea in the subject. He tries occasionally to be fair and then suddenly sees red. It is hard in an external view of inward things to say how much is mere foreign accent and how much positive error. Mr. Chapman is disquieted about the plottings of the clergy in Madison avenue; the pathos of distance makes them romantic to him. He says that indulgences "condone" sins. He seems to think that the Jesuits are the only leaven in the lump (I mean poison in the well)—as if all the religious orders did not differ in spirit and function from one another and from the secular clergy. He even imagines that people are "drugged" by incense, candles, and "sensationalism." This is as if some æsthetic traveler, on seeing a patriotic crowd waving flags, should take note that a whole nation could be hypnotized by agitated drapery and crude colors. Those who have lost the instinct for expression cannot imagine that those who retain it have anything to express.

The theory that any religion is the work of politicians or sensualists may safely be disregarded. Not even on its political or aesthetic side has any religion such an origin nor does it serve such a purpose. What happens is the exact opposite. Mystical passion and devout fancy intervene spontaneously and powerfully in mundane affairs, and in so doing they at once quicken and confuse science, morals, and politics.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

Revolution in the Ballet

SYMPATHY with sundry new "revolutions" in art would be more intelligent, perhaps, if the majority of us knew exactly what the revolutionists object to. Restrictions that old forms impose upon musical expression, for instance, can be really understood by none but a musician, or one at least well taught in musical theory. So with verse, with painting, with the drama. The layman is well enough aware that something has changed and is changing, and that the change is reflected in the arts. But when he sets to work to learn explicitly what has taken place, he is likely to find himself involved in considerations whose significance eludes him, because they involve technical knowledge which he does not possess.

The new Russian ballet, however, presents an art whose meaning is manifest without the aid of technical erudition. The old French-Italian form against which it embodies a protest is clearly defined and familiar to all of us; the limitations that it imposed upon free expression are apparent. In the dance the place of the traditional ballet may be compared to that occupied by geometrical ornament in the field of design. The new Russian ballet, in contrast, represents one of those returns which all arts have periodically made to nature for fresh material. Its interest lies not only in the visible character of that material, but in the completeness with which it has organized the material and in the obvious vitality of the result.

A decade ago the Imperial Ballet Academy of Russia was conducted in accordance with the traditions of its prototype in France. In the matter of technique it followed a composite of the French and the Italian schools between which the distinction is negligible in the present discussion. The French-Italian ballet is properly called the classic school of the dance. It defines every step and every movement with mathematical precision. Principles of grace it has sought out and reduced to rules. In style of line it cultivates the quality of architecture: turns describe perfect circles, hands and feet are moved through exact arcs or in severely straight lines. To the unconsidered movements of daily life it concedes nothing. Even when stationary, the body and limbs must conform to conventions which so deny the warm lines of the figure as to dehumanize it.

The French national ballet academy, in which the classic school was evolved and conserved, was founded by Louis XIV. Formality and precision, exquisiteness and a certain delicate spice, are its proper heritage. Within limits it is a happily satisfying medium of expression. But even its admirers have to admit that it falters when called upon to

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interpret the more stirring emotions, the elemental passions.

At the beginning of the present century most of Europe, like America, lost interest in the ballet; the dainty, the exquisite and the precise were out of key with people's thoughts. But in Russia, though dissatisfaction was acute, the ballet by no means escaped interest. Patrons of the art held that it should interpret the spirit of the day. The religion of Egypt had been made visual by the dancers in the temples; the ideals of Greece had found worthy expression in poetry of motion. Why should not modern Russia find expression in the dance? The Imperial Academy was the best in the world. Founded by Peter the Great, it never lacked any device that could improve it. The traditions of training were the same that had produced Taglioni, Ellsler, Camargo. In addition to the classic régime of technical education, the Russian curriculum included plastic gymnastics, pantomime, the principles of music and decorative design and other studies, to the end that its graduates were equipped to practice their craft with the broad comprehension of the competent artist. The pupils were selected at an early age, and were usually trained for seven years before they were deemed fit to dance a leading part in a public production. Yet the organism's very perfection discouraged change. Though many of the artists shared the feeling of the public, none could make a practical suggestion.

In America a similar discontent moved Isadora Duncan. An untrained romanticist, she desired from early girlhood to express in the dance something for which she found the conventional ballet wholly inadequate. It happened that she turned for inspiration to records of the dancing of the early Greeks, primitive vase decorations and Tanagra figures. We in America seemed to miss the significance of the Duncan idea, but not so Europe. Even where her haphazard disregard of choregraphic law was heartily condemned, Miss Duncan was recognized as a herald of new possibilities.

It was M. Mikail Fokine, director of the Imperial Opera Ballet of St. Petersburg, to whom was revealed the vision of the dance in a form to defy either misunderstanding or reasonable objection. He saw the possibilities latent in a union of Miss Duncan's natural interpretation with classic precision. But whereas the young American had confined her studies to the Greek, the Ballet Academy's records contained explicit descriptions of dances from the four corners of the earth; and Fokine knew something of carvings and statues representing dances of ancient Egypt and India. The Russian dancers, perfect in technique and deep in their understanding of the ballet, readily found means to avail themselves of the new vocabulary without disturbing what may be termed the grammar of the art. Nevertheless their expression of natural emotion and of varied national character naturally gave their work an appearance sufficiently alien to disturb conservatives.

Opposition immediately followed a series of performances in which a group of enthusiasts, including Karsavina, Pavlowa and Nijinski, proclaimed the new manner. Among the high authorities of the Opera were those who regarded the departure as a desecration of the temple, and wanted it abandoned. The strained situation brought the new movement the valuable alliance of M. Serge de Diaghileff. M. de Diaghileff was not a man of the theatre; he was a counselor at court. Russian art, however, was a cause to which he had devoted active sympathy. He regarded it, too, as an effective means of acquainting the western world with Russian culture. Through his influence leave of absence was secured for the personnel of a representative ballet company, in order to exhibit this latest triumph of Russian art to western Europe.

While the term Russian ballet suggests dancing, it also properly connotes a concerted use of several arts. M. de Diaghileff applied himself to the enormously difficult task of unifying painting, drama, music and the dance in a single expression. When the Diaghileff company made its Parisian debut in 1909, M. Bakst's setting for " Cleopatre " was less the portrait of a place than an insistence upon a mood. All the designer's resources were united in the creation of a sensation of mysterious grandeur. His costumes, too, while they were true to Egyptian character, were first of all such an arrangement of line and color as would prepare the spectator's mind for the drama to be produced. The whole, dancing included, was in emotional accord with Glazounov's music, which had been written before Fokine saw Miss Duncan dance. As his organization has gained in cohesion, M. de Diaghileff has still further unified the motives behind expression by commissioning musicians to compose new scores to conform with the ideas of the ballet composer.

In the whole history of art, what chapter so clearly illuminates the rebellion of the romantic against the classic? The ballet of yesterday, despite its beauty, was a symbol of that which modern thought and emotion has found irksome. In Miss Duncan's protests against a variety of things we see the active impatience of old convention that characterizes the artistic or social rebel. The rebel gives the best of his life to the declaration of a general purpose. The realization of that purpose demands another's equipment. A mind of another sort must make a clear discrimination between con-

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ventional limitations and fundamental principles, and must confine the undertaking to the domain of those principles. In painting, sculpture and poetry, innovators struggling for freedom have sometimes disregarded the verities of their arts. That such movements have condemned themselves to a short and trivial existence is not the point to be emphasized. The same lack of understanding that has defeated their ends has made their premises and steps so difficult to follow that they have little value as expositors of current psychology. The new dancing, on the other hand, gives the observer a psychological laboratory where he can measure mental processes. A convention-bound code of thought and conduct had produced a perfected and conventional art; a thoroughgoing rebel discarded all the old limitations. Then a group of masters, knowing the language of the old but desiring to express the new, made a new synthesis; the art was emancipated into the freedom of a richer convention.

TROY KINNEY.

Are Convicts Human?

A SPECIAL commission had surveyed the New York state prisons. It had found unnecessary hardships, horrible inhumanity, bad prison structures, and insanitary accomodations. These salient evils it did not emphasize. It confined all its force to proclaiming one fundamental defect, the complete failure of the system to repress crime by amending the criminal.

" Instead of rendering them fit to resume a life of responsibility and usefulness in a state of freedom, we render them less fit for such a life. The victims of our criminal maltreatment and equally criminal neglect have coined the condemnation of the system into a maxim: ' Prison makes a good man bad and a bad man worse.' " So the New York State Commission on Prison Reform concluded its report to the governor in 1913.

Now when the state commission said that the prison system disgracefully impaired the self-respect of its charges, and that this delinquency was deeper than its other delinquencies, it made an exceedingly strong statement. For the delinquencies of the prison system, as exemplified by Sing Sing in 1913, were as near obscene barbarity as anything well could be.

In the early summer of 1913 a Westchester county grand jury made inquiry into the physical conditions of Sing Sing prison. It examined witnesses and made a personal inspection. The result was a singularly vivid report.

It began by describing that wonderful monument to the humane spirit of 1825, the present cell-block, and in a few words it presented the glories of that triumph of state architecture. It is built on low ground, securing dampness. It is arranged so that the sunlight never penetrates a great many of the cells, securing the maximum of stale air, fetor and chill. " It is even possible to wet one's hand by drawing it over the cell walls." This dampness promotes rheumatic disease, chronic rheumatism and a heart disease " more disastrous than the rheumatism." " The prisoners have a habit of sweeping out their cells, and this dust falls from tier to tier, penetrating the atmosphere and filtering through to the cells and cell bedding of the tier beneath." " Cells are unfit for the housing of animals, much less human beings."

In modern institutions 700 to 800 cubic feet of air space are required. The law requires 400 feet for each hobo in a Bowery lodging house. At Sing Sing it provides 168.67 cubic feet per cell. This means 84.34 cubic feet per convict when two men occupy the cell. And the cell has another occupant; for there are no toilet facilities in the cell-block at Sing Sing. There is a thing called the " bucket system." In 1913 it was pointed out that the twenty-one-hour confinement, especially in summer, was " noisome and unhealthy." " Needless to say, there is no running water in the cells. The drinking water is placed in a bucket which stands in the cell."

" The danger from vermin " was detailed by the grand jury; also the dangers from the lodgment of 2000 prisoners in the space designed for 1200. Men in perfect health were paired with the tuberculous. Men in perfect health were paired with the syphilitic. Young boys were confined with " habitual criminals and creatures who make a practice of sodomy." The physicians of the prison were not called upon to examine men compelled to occupy the same cell. These were the " normal " conditions. The " abnormal " conditions, as in the cooler, had perhaps better not be mentioned. Nor some of the details as to the laundry or the food.

Such was the obscene barbarity of Sing Sing in 1913. And yet deeper than that, because including that, the state commission named the fundamental defect of failing to train the inmates in the difficult way that restores to a " free and responsible life."

As an addition to this report, strengthening it in

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its fundamental criticism, came an appendix written by Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne. "It is a splendid illustration of the altruism of the times," commented the report, "when a man of Mr. Osborne's character and refinement will undergo imprisonment in Auburn Prison for the sake of prison reform." His week in Auburn defined Mr. Osborne's ideas on (1) general character of the men in prison, (2) general treatment, (3) health, (4) punishments, (5) honor system. He came out refusing to deny the existence of evil in the natures of the prisoners but believing that there is no such thing as a criminal class, believing that each convict is a different human problem, that brutality engenders brutality, and that the old system denies humanity not only cruelly but against common sense. "These prisoners are men, and, making due allowance for the undue proportion of the diseased and defective, must be treated according to the dictates of common sense."

"Assuming then that a prisoner is a human being and should be treated as such in order to render him fit to reënter the world at the close of his term, it must be admitted that the deadly uniformity of treatment in the prison system is the first and most serious bar to such a result. Every prisoner should be treated fairly and given an even chance; but there should be some rewards for good conduct, some natural process by which a man who is right-minded and means to go straight shall be recognized and can lift himself above the level of the pervert and the degenerate. At present all kinds of men—virtuous and evil-minded, clean and unclean, healthy and diseased—are all huddled together without distinction, and all crushed down to the level of the lowest."

"Wholly unnatural," therefore, Mr. Osborne pronounced the silence system, wholly unnatural the brutal and unnecessary punishments in the "cooler" for infinitesimal offenses. Fines, demerits, solitary confinement day and night in between the death chamber and the ceaselessly grinding dynamo—he deemed "this avalanche of punishments" a stupid ferocity. Also he condemned the exceedingly long hours of ordinary confinement in the small cells. "The most serious result of the confinement is the inevitable manufacture of moral perverts. A man denied the normal satisfaction of his sexual instincts and placed where he has little but himself to occupy his thoughts is exposed to frightful temptation. The result is what every decent man familiar with the inside of a prison knows and deplores. It is difficult for a young man of good morals, if of prepossessing appearance, to avoid being corrupted; while one of bad character corrupts others. My excuse for dwelling at all on this unpleasant topic is that it is so persistently overlooked or ignored in discussions of prison matters. Yet it cannot be left out of consideration; for it is an exceedingly stubborn fact. The need of segregating perverts, in order to protect the younger prisoners, must be patent." The Westchester county grand jury in 1913 attested to a corresponding situation in Sing Sing. "Immoral practices obtain among many of the inmates; acts of sexual perversion are taken for granted; sodomy is rife."

With defined ideas as to the sane routine for men who must be equipped for society, Mr. Osborne took charge of Sing Sing late in 1914. The first distinctive change he brought about was the self-government and honor system of the Mutual Welfare League. That system was generated at Auburn. At Sing Sing Warden McCormick tried to introduce it, but it is generally held to have been improperly launched. Under Mr. Osborne, however, it provided an extraordinary means of accomplishing discipline, rewarding good conduct and appealing to self-respect. It levelled men up instead of down, made them members of a responsible community instead of a caged menagerie, and put them on their mettle once more to retain within prison walls the liberty they had forfeited outside. How they cherish that precious prison-liberty, anyone who has seen the inmates' court knows. From the judges above to the men on trial an intense seriousness invests their behavior. A return to ordinary cell-confinement now means deprivation of school and assembly and entertainment. It is a tragedy. But while the judges are themselves convicts, the sentences are pondered and respected. Less than 20 per cent of the cases are appealed to the warden's court, and the elected "judges" exhibit dignity, conscientiousness, sincerity and tact. The new convicts do not understand this system at once. Known to the Welface League as "the awkward squad," they do not anticipate its spirit. But after some experience of the dismal old routine they seek to merit the new.

How do violations of discipline under the Osborne régime compare with former violations? The prison records indicate a diminution of outbreaks and riots, but in relation to these matters they are so irregular and unsatisfactory that it is unwise to quote them. A fairly good basis for judging such a phenomenon as violent assault, however, is supplied by the prison hospital records. Hospital cases in general have increased since Mr. Osborne came in, indicating "better care of sick prisoners." The figures are: 1911, 386; 1912, 365; 1913, 437; 1914, 456; 1915, 677. But of these cases the number of "emergency cases" that might have been caused by assaults and fighting show an inverse trend: 1911, 125; 1912, 186; 1913, 378; 1914, 372; 1915, 42. "The last year includes," however, "only cases actually reported to the warden as cases of violence. The other years include all

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cases of fractures, wounds, sprains, dislocations, which might have been due to such causes."

The Westchester County Research Bureau, an impartial body, offers these figures. So far as its other figures go, they give inadequate data for a quantitative test. The average cost per capita has increased, a larger sum being spent on clothing, on food, on medical supplies. The profits from prison labor, on the other hand, have more than doubled.

The real test of the Osborne régime is qualitative, not quantitative. How much nearer the ideal is the prison system now than in 1913? A partial answer may again be quoted from the Research Bureau: A haphazard "thirty-three testified that since they had begun their sentence they had not known what it was, under the old system, to think beyond the prison walls other than with hatred for the social system that had brought them there, or direct hatred of the individuals who had tried, convicted, and sentenced them, and to plan to get even as soon as they were again free; but that under Warden Osborne they had learned to think of society as something to which they owed a duty, and in which, when restored to it, it was up to them to make good."

Iron disciplinarians say that this is palaver. But did they themselves make men regenerate? Mr. Osborne is to be judged by the ultimate test of regeneracy. There is proof that he succeeds.

In the hideous, obsolete, disgraceful environment of Sing Sing, handicapped within by the physical conditions, handicapped without by multiple bitter enmities, Mr. Osborne has worked so effectively inside one year as to put a new heart into 1600 condemned men. Knowing some of these men to be dangerous, some of them to be inimical to his experiment, Mr. Osborne has dared to regard his community as human and to devise within prison the means best recognized outside as conducing to social well-being and self-respect. Master of the liberty of his charges, he has striven to use that mastery for their education, not their subjection. He has trusted himself enough to give them the freedom by which fallen beings can learn to walk. Such limited leeway is easily misunderstood. It is easily garbled in reporting or describing. But go to Sing Sing, if you can, and see the convicts. See the system as it is working and ask yourself if the goal is receding or nearing. It is the goal for which few prison officials have ever wisely striven in the interminable and blundering history of prisons—the goal of equipment for society. In spite of the tuberculosis, the rheumatism, the filth, the vermin, the foul air, the infection which we still force on these men, are they closer to coming back with a fair mind? If they are, it is because of one man's unusual public spirit, imagination and grit.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

The Cult of the Best

A VALUABLE inventory of our American ideals of taste and culture should result from the request of the American Federation of Arts that the Carnegie Foundation undertake an investigation of the teaching of art in this country. We have devoted much attention to importing æsthetic values and works of art from Europe, and to providing museums, libraries and art courses for the public. But we have scarcely asked ourselves what is to come of it all. A survey of what is being done "in the schools and colleges and universities as well as in the professional art schools of the country to promote the knowledge, appreciation and production of art in America" will be of little value, however, if it is to concern itself merely with discovering how many art schools and how many students there are; how many courses on art are given in the colleges, and the credits which each course counts towards the degree. What we need to know is the direction of the studies. We must not feel relieved in spirit if we find there is "enough," and correspondingly depressed if we find there is "not enough" being done for art in America. We must clear up our ideas as to what a genuine art education would be for the layman, and then ask whether the present emphases are the ones to produce it.

Artistic appreciation in this country has been understood chiefly as the acquiring of a familiarity with "good works of art," and with the historical fields of the different arts, rather than as the cultivating of spontaneous taste. The millionaire with his magnificent collections has only been doing objectively what the anxious college student is doing who takes courses in the history and appreciation of art, music or literature, or the women's clubs that follow standard manuals of criticism and patronize bureaus of university travel. Everywhere the emphasis is on acquisition. A great machinery for the extension of culture has grown up around us in the last generation, devoted to the collection, objectively or imaginatively, of masterpieces. The zealous friends of art in the schools and out have been engaged in bringing before an ever-widening public a roster of the "best." Art education has been almost entirely a learning about what is "good." "Culture" has come to mean the jacking-up of one's appreciations a notch at a time until they have reached a certain standard level. To be cultured has meant to like masterpieces.

Art education has, in other words, become almost a branch of moral education. We are scarcely out of that period when it was a moral obligation upon every child to learn to play the piano. There is still a thoughtful striving after righteousness in our

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attendance at the opera. And this moral obligation is supported by quasi-ecclesiastical sanctions. Each art, as taught in our schools and colleges, has its truly formidable canon of the "best," and its insistent discrimination between the sanctified and the apocryphal scriptures. The teaching of English literature in the colleges is a pure example of this orthodoxy. Criticism and expression are neglected in favor of absorption and reverence of the classics. The student enters college on a ritual of examination in them. He remains only through his susceptibility to their influence. Examine what passes for cultural education in other fields, and you will find that it is historical, lexicographical, encyclopædic, and neither utilitarian nor æsthetic. It is prompted by the scholarly ideal rather than by an ideal of taste. The prize goes to those who can acquire the most of these goods. No one is challenged to spontaneous taste any more than the monk is asked to create his own dogmas.

To me this conception of culture is unpleasantly undemocratic. I am not denying the superlative beauty of what has come to be officially labelled "the best that has been thought and done in the world." But I do object to its being made the universal norm. For if you educate people in this way, you only really educate those whose tastes run to the classics. You leave the rest of the world floundering in a fog of cant, largely unconscious perhaps, trying sincerely to squeeze their appreciations through the needle's eye. You get as a result hypocrites or "lowbrows," with culture reserved only for a few. All the rest of us are left without guides, without encouragement, and tainted with original sin.

An education in art appreciation will be valueless if it does not devote itself to clarifying and integrating natural taste. The emphasis must be always on what you do like, not on what you ought to like. We have never had a real test of whether bad taste is positive or merely a lack of consciousness. We have never tried to discover strong spontaneous lines of diversified taste. To the tyranny of the "best" which Arnold's persuasive power imposed upon this most inquisitive, eager and rich American generation, can be laid, I think, our failure to develop the distinctive styles and indigenous art spirit which the soil should have brought forth abundantly. For as long as you humbly follow the best, you have no eyes for the vital. If you are using your energy to cajole your appreciations, you have none left for unforced æsthetic emotion. If your training has been to learn and appreciate the best that has been thought and done in the world, it has not been to discriminate between the significant and the irrelevant that the experience of every day is flinging up in your face. Civilized life is really one æsthetic challenge after another, and no training in appreciation of art is worth anything unless one has become able to react to forms and settings. The mere callousness with which we confront our ragbag city streets is evidence enough of the futility of the Arnold ideal. To have learned to appreciate a Mantegna and a Japanese print, and Dante and Debussy, and not to have learned nausea at Main street, means an art education which is not merely worthless but destructive.

I know that such complaints are met by the plea that the fight has been so hard in this country to get any art education at all that it is idle to talk of cultivating public taste until this battle is won. Mr. Edward Dickinson still pleads in a recent book the cause of music to the stony educationists of the land. Let us get a foothold in the colleges with our music courses, these defenders seem to say, and your taste will evolve from them. But the way to reach a goal is not to start off in the opposite direction, and my thesis is that education in the appreciation of art has been moving exactly in this wrong direction. Widespread artistic taste would have had a better chance to develop in this country if we had not been so much concerned with knowing what we ought to know and liking what we ought to like. The movement has caught those whose taste happened to coincide with the canons. It has perverted a much larger host who have tried to pretend that their taste coincided. And it has left untouched the joyous masses who might easily, as in other countries, have evolved a folk-culture if they had not been outlawed by this ideal.

The ideal still dominates, although it becomes every day more evident that its effect has been disastrous. A younger generation of architects has filled our cities with sepulchral neo-classicism and imitative debris of all the ages. We get its apotheosis in the fantasy of Washington, where French chateaux snuggle up close to colonial mansions, and the great lines of the city are slashed by cheap and tawdry blocks. All this has been done with the best will in the world, by men curious and skilful, well instructed in the "best" of all time. It has been a conscientious following of an ideal of beauty. We are just beginning to discover uneasily how false that ideal is. Art to most of us has come to mean painting instead of the decoration and design and social setting that would make significant our objective life. Our moral sense has made us mad for artistic "rightness." What we have got out of it is something much worse than imitation. It is worship.

This effort to follow the best, which even our revolutionists engage in, has the effect of either closing the appreciation to new styles or leaving it open to passing winds of fashion. That we are

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fashion-ridden is the direct result of an education which has made acquisition and not discrimination the motive. The cult of the best is harmless only if it has been superimposed on the broadest basis of personal discrimination, begun in earliest years. Let us admit that the appreciations of the Brahmins marvellously coincide with what Matthew Arnold has stamped as right. But perhaps for most of us there has not been the environment to produce that happy coincidence. Our education has forced us all to be self-made men in artistic appreciation. Our tastes suffer from hiatuses and crotchinesses and color-blindnesses because no effort has been made to integrate our sincere likes and dislikes and focus and sharpen our reactions. Until the present ideal is overthrown, we have no chance of getting a sincere and general public taste. We can have only the mechanics of art education. I do not mean that America has been unique in this. We have only been a little worse than other countries because we have been more conscientious.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

"Prince Igor"

THE Metropolitan Opera House in New York City operates under a moral obligation to produce "novelties" each season. It is certainly incumbent upon one of the leading opera houses of the world to give new composers a hearing. But it is with great difficulty and apparent reluctance that the Metropolitan fulfills its obligation. "Il Trovatore" or "La Boheme," with good singers, will always fill a house. A new production, demanding an initial outlay of from $50,000 to $100,000, is a gamble. The Metropolitan is operated on so vast and extravagant a scale that a single unsuccessful production may dislocate a whole year's finances. Manager Gatti-Casazza has stated publicly that if he had his way he would never go to the trouble of producing anything new. What makes matters worse is that too frequently the new operas are chosen not for their musical value but for the starring of some popular singer. Such was last year's fiasco, "Madame Sans Gêne," done for Geraldine Farrar; such was Fèvrier's "Monna Vanna," done at the Boston Opera House for Mary Garden. Few of the "novelties" stay in the repertory.

But one of them, Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff," now in its third season here, proved to be one of the most popular additions the Metropolitan has had in a quarter of a century. This first truly Russian opera to be heard in America (barring a single act of Rachmaninoff's "The Covetous Knight" at the Boston Opera House in 1910) revealed at once the full brilliance of the Slavic musical genius. Immediately the directors of the Metropolitan started to look for another. They chose Alexander Borodine's "Prince Igor," announced for last season, and finally produced on the thirtieth of last month.

The choice was good, though there are half a dozen Russian operas which would have been as well or better worth while. Borodine was one of the most astonishing of that remarkable group of "neo-Russians" who set out to recreate Russian music on the basis of the national folk-song. It has been said of him that he had the smallest output with the highest average of excellence of any composer in history. He worked so carefully and so surely that in all his music there is scarcely anything that can be called mediocre. A scientist and professor of chemistry by profession, he worked at music only for amusement. Literally, he composed "Prince Igor" when he was too sick to do anything else. It occupied six or eight years in its planning, and a dozen more in its execution. When Borodine died, in 1887, it was still scarcely more than a collection of notes; only a few numbers had been completed and orchestrated. Rimsky-Korsakoff, who rewrote "Boris," completed Moussorgsky's "Khovanstchina," and performed similar post-mortem services for a number of his compatriots, took the affair in hand and produced a finished work. Glazounoff, whose musical ear is perhaps the most remarkable in the world to-day, wrote out the overture from his memory of the composer's performances at the piano. As it stands, therefore, "Prince Igor" is uneven in manner, but nevertheless one of the great art-works of modern Russia.

For his text Borodine worked over a famous forgery of the seventeenth century, purporting to be a folk-epic from the days of the Asiatic invasions. There is no attempt at a connected plot. The opera is merely a collection of heroic episodes, like "Boris," but lacking any dominating character such as that which gives the other work its unity. Borodine's purpose was to create a folk-epic of Russia, disconnected, varied, picturesque. But working as he did in stolen half-hours, he was not able to concentrate; he dared not turn his emotions loose; he could not sound the heroic note which is proper to the epic. "Igor" had to be written with the head alone. The heart is absent. The opera is a series of colorful frescoes; it has no more humanity than Veronese's great mural paintings. Besides, "The Epic of the Army of Igor" seems to have been a sorry affair. Its incidents are the merest bickerings of a romantic yarn. The only living episodes in the opera are those of the minstrels Erochka and Skoula, the comic elements which Borodine interpolated out of his own invention.

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You must accordingly see and hear "Igor" as a great and varied pageant. Enjoy it with your senses alone; your brain will not help you. Taken purely as spectacle it is one of the great operas of the nineteenth century. In episode after episode the Russian people is seen—seen rather than felt—in jubilation and dejection, in inebriety and lassitude. More truly than in "Boris" the people is the hero. No one can fail to feel the magnificence of the prologue, in which Igor sets forth with his army to repel the invader, and the populace hails him with the traditional "Slavsia" of Russian opera. The first scene of the first act, in which the stay-at-homes carouse, has an animation which only Moussorgsky can surpass in his scenes of the people. The dignified chorus of *boyards* in the second scene, and the nervous and petulant choruses of maidens, are among the most personal things in the opera.

But it is in the second act, where Igor and his son are in captivity in the enemy's camp, that the mob is most colorfully expressed. Here the feeling for Oriental exoticism, which Borodine shared with all the "neo-Russians," comes out most strongly, especially in the great ballet with choral accompaniment which remains the most memorable passage in the opera. The third act, omitted in the Metropolitan production, and the choral numbers of the last act, are only in part Borodine's work and are of much inferior quality. The action of these acts, showing Igor's escape and his joyful but inglorious return, is likewise without interest.

The choruses of "Igor" are thoroughly grounded in the Russian folk-song, and in the Oriental scales which the Russians consider part of their musical heritage. The arias and solos, however, reveal another side of Borodine's musical nature—the suave Italian. Unlike Moussorgsky, who sought to "make each note the faithful translation of the word," Borodine sought clear and formal expression in his music. Some of the arias are quite un-Russian in flavor, and all have a certain conventionality of form. But nearly all are beautiful in the highest degree. It is curious that Borodine's deliberate and poised mind should have created the most violent expression of physical energy in all Russian opera. His great "Polovtsian Ballet," which the Russians will soon be dancing here, has the sensational quality so necessary to American success that the rest of the work lacks. In it Borodine makes his nearest approach to emotion. But it is the emotion of arms and legs, not of the heart.

This ballet was danced with abundant spirit by the Metropolitan troupe, though Mme. Galli could hardly escape from her rigidly conventional Italian training. The singers, too—Mme. Alda, Signor Amato, Signor Didur and the rest—did well with their Italian text and their Italian tone. But for all they could do, they could not give the opera the Russian flavor which made it so successful when M. de Diaghileff's company sang it in London.

Somehow, with all its greatness and beauty, "Igor" at the Metropolitan just misses success. For the most part the Opera House must be absolved from blame, having done well with so strange a work. But in one important particular the director must answer for plain stupidity. For this strange and barbarous work he provided the most conventional sort of scenery, which was constantly at work breaking the spell of the music. Little difference that this scenery was "copied exactly from the original Petrograd performance!" In 1890 "Petrograd" was as conventional as any Italian village. Year after year the Metropolitan goes on spending its money for elaborate makeshift scenery which has neither illusion nor beauty. Year after year La Tosca tugs at a canvas door with one hand while holding it shut with the other. While any Broadway musical comedy benefits from the services of an artist, the overgrown Metropolitan clings to the "scenic studio" of 1890. Why should it be the last of all theatres to call in the new art of scene designing? "Igor" is not the first opera at the Metropolitan which has had its success compromised by such canvas and paint rubbish. No one who knows the ways of opera supposes it will be the last.

HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL.

Washington Notes

IN any attempt to understand the present administration it is useful to employ two well-known phrases and to distinguish them. The phrases are "public opinion" and "the will of the people." When we are off our guard we make them interchangeable, but what I should like to suggest is that they mean different things, and that the conflict between them has determined Mr. Wilson's policy. Let us take "public opinion" to mean the mass of editorials, speeches, headlines; let us call "the will of the people" the real intention underlying what people are saying, the actual desire of the great majority, the risks they wish to run, the results they desire, the sacrifices they are ready to make.

The will of most Americans in this war has been determined by their deepest habits. In the so-called hyphenates it has meant an impulsive loyalty to the mother country, be it France, Germany or Holland. But the great mass of Americans have turned towards an ancient Americanism, towards our historic isolation, towards our ingrained fear of entanglement with Europe. It is almost impossible to overstate the strength of these habits, and those of us who live in the big cities along the seaboard are forever forgetting it. We are a little shocked to find that Senators fresh from Oklahoma are not deeply concerned about human or even American rights on a British ship in the eastern Mediterranean. Yet this will to be let alone, to live within our

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own frontiers, this profound localism, has been the central fact in the American reaction.

But it has not been expressed to its full value in public opinion. Opinion is a much shallower force than will, though it is also more disinterested. It is perfectly possible for a man or a people to hold opinions which conflict with its deeper intentions. So long as there is no test, so long as it is not necessary to act on opinions, the conflict may not be noticed. Public opinion in this country from the beginning of the war has been generous but irresponsible. It was inspired by judgment as to who started the war, by feeling about Belgium and Louvain, Zeppelins and the Lusitania. A small minority, the minority which set the fashion in phrases, the editorial writers who act as pacemakers, have in a measure abandoned the habit of isolation. Their will and their opinion more or less coincide. They are somewhat ready for international responsibility, and loyal to the risks. When they talk about the war in editorials that could be printed in a London daily, they mean about what the London editors mean. But when their opinions are echoed through the country, it is a mistake to assume that the phrases still carry their full meaning. They are repeated by editors in whom the feeling of isolation is still the chief motive of public life. The result is that American opinion has become less and less representative of American intentions.

The submarine crisis laid bare this conflict. The will of a small minority wanted redress from Germany at almost any cost; the opinion of the great majority also wanted it; but the deeper desire of most was to preserve American isolation. The administration realized this desire and accepted it. Mr. Wilson set himself the supremely difficult task of reflecting it as accurately as he could. No one can doubt that he reflected it; the words of the notes expressed American opinion, the unwillingness to act upon the words expressed the American will. If ever a statesman had to set himself conjuring rabbits out of a hat, it was Mr. Wilson interpreting America.

It may be that he has succeeded not alone in expressing America, but in wringing guarantees from Germany and Austria. If the guarantees hold, there will not be many to quarrel with him about his policy. Nevertheless it cannot be dropped out of discussion. For it is extremely dangerous to assume that in international affairs we can be successful by using words which do not express our real intentions. No matter how great the immediate triumph, the precedent is a bad one. The habit of holding opinions which conflict with the underlying will must some day lead to disaster. A nation cannot be regarded as soundly democratic in which public opinion does not express accurately the will of the people. Some day we shall be called upon to choose between what we say and what we mean.

Those of us who are criticising the President are deluded if we claim that he has been false to American ideals. That is just what he has not been. He has been a conservative and traditional American, loyal to the habit of isolation and irresponsibility. In his language he has adopted the tone of a new and radical Americanism which is ready to take its part in the world's affairs. But beneath his utterances has been the decisive recognition that we are still an isolated people. Just criticism would say of him, I think, that his was the opportunity to lead us out of our irresponsibility and that he has rejected the opportunity. Those who like the isolation will rejoice, those who do not will criticise. The fact remains that the critics of Mr. Wilson speak for a minority of the American will, though they make the imposing bulk of American opinion.

In the last analysis, there is a conflict over what the task of a President is. Mr. Wilson acts on the assumption that he is an interpreter and transmitter of the people's feeling and thought. The opposite theory is that he is a leader, that his enormous prestige makes him the man who shall educate. He is not merely to accept what is given; he is to initiate and popularize ideas. Some of us would like to have had Mr. Wilson seize the lesson of the war to bring home to Americans the danger and the error of their isolation. But Mr. Wilson is by temperament a receptive man, a man who tries patiently to deal with situations that others create.

W. L.

Washington, D. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Meaning of Nationality

SIR: Your contributor, Alfred E. Zimmern, has propounded the view that there is no political problem in nationality. I hope this view will be editorially discussed. That nationality serves to divide state from state is unfortunately true. Mr. Zimmern is undeniably sound in arguing that the principle of autonomous nationality is a most serious obstacle to international peace. But for all that awkward consequence I confess I cannot bring myself to believe that nationality "in essence has nothing to do with politics." Nor do I agree with Mr. Zimmern that it is the mere wickedness and imbecility of governments, their backward or backsliding character, that have kept the political aspirations of nationality alive. Nationality, it seems to me, is an essential though not always a paramount consideration in politics. I agree with your eloquent contributor that "men who are living together in society need justice and liberty . . . in virtue of their needs as social beings." But since social beings, as "Human Nature in Politics" demonstrates, can hardly be considered apart from "their intimate sentiments or their race or language or religion," I do not see how these considerations can be excluded from politics. Nor do I know of any country in the world where they are, or ever have been, excluded from politics.

"There is nothing national," says Mr. Zimmern, "about the actual processes of reasoning or of moral judgment. These are universal human faculties. The opinions which they enable us to form are ours in virtue of the fact that we are human beings living in society, and we accept them, or should accept them, not from blood or tradition or sentiment, but at the bar of reason and conscience alone." This account of the "actual processes of reasoning" does not suggest to me the familiar world in which we live. I am persuaded that considerations of blood and sentiment and tradition enter, and necessarily enter, into the political area. I fail to see how a question like Japanese exclusion or Irish conscription could be debated by a state "at the bar of reason and conscience alone." And what, indeed, is conscience but a loose word for personally colored discriminations, largely on the basis of blood and sentiment and tradition? Mr. Zimmern is able to discuss this world as a place in which politics may be an abstract science, impartial and impersonal, faultlessly intellectual and faultlessly moral. Such a world is as unbelievable to me as that United Kingdom he talks about in which Rabindranath Tagore's poetry has sublimated the British relation to India.

To prove that nationality and citizenship need not be coëxtensive Mr. Zimmern illustrates from the United

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States, "where no one dreams of putting the Norwegians of Minnesota or the Germans of Wisconsin under a separate government in virtue of their particular sentiments." It is true that one reason for this adjustment is the Norwegians' ability to practice undifferentiated citizenship under liberal institutions. But another reason, more to the point at the moment, is the atrophy of their Norwegianism, the loss of their nationality. Certain physical and psychical characteristics they retain, but they tend to become American—to acquire, that is to say, a strange language, a strange art, a strange literature, to adopt George Washington and Abraham Lincoln for spiritual heroes, to accommodate themselves to the environment of precedent Americans. If Norwegianism in Minnesota were expressing itself vividly in art and literature, in the games and dress and customs of the old country, I'd believe Mr. Zimmern. But no one will assert that Norwegianism has here the strength that it has in the old country. Were the Norwegians firmly colonized, or grouped and separated by a very special religion, they might longer have resisted the contagion of America. But aliens in this country do tend to lose their nationality. The harmony that exists in the United States is not only political. It is social and spiritual. The United States does not preserve and reconcile accentuated national differences. It may not assimilate diverse rationalities rapidly, but it neutralizes them in a bath of Americanism, and gradually converts them into a queer, semi-solid, semi-fluid, perhaps incongruous mixture. The United States is witnessing the dissolution, not the solution, of nationalities. The result is a nationality in itself.

So long as men thrive better in one national atmosphere than another, respond better to one art and literature, articulate more freely in one tradition, so long will there be danger of discord and conflict in the concert of great Powers—whether or not those Powers seek to enlist Poles and Finns and Boers and Chinese without due consideration. If the Powers take politic care to pay the national pipers, they may perhaps call the political tune. But in that case, as the British Empire shows, the world is apt to present the new problem of dominions under-individualized.

New York City. H.

Mr. Belloc's Negligible Germany

SIR: I have lived in England for the past eighteen years, and during that time I have had many occasions to point out to Englishmen that they must not take the writings or talk of such men as W. J. Bryan, W. R. Hearst or Henry Ford as the opinion of "an authority," or of the "thinking influential" American. May I suggest to you that you are taking the writing or talk of Englishmen of the same kind as Mr. Bryan, Mr. Hearst and Mr. Ford as the opinion of "thinking influential" Englishmen. No one who knew England would think of taking Mr. Belloc as "an authority" or a "thinking influential" Englishman.

May I add that you cannot find a man in England who comes under my heading of a "thinking influential" man who wants to crush Germany. Ask any such Englishman the question whether England wants to crush Germany and you will be told: "Certainly not. It is impossible in the first place; and in the second place we cannot afford to even if we could. Germany is our second largest customer."

Why not use your influence to show American Germans, and through them the German people, that the only ones who can win this war are the people? The sooner the German people say, "We have been worshipping a false god in thinking that 'might is right,'" the sooner the German people will win. There can be no compromise in this war any more than there could have been a compromise in our Civil War. How much better it would have been for the Southern people if they had given up in 1863 instead of 1865! Those two extra years of war took more than twenty years extra in recuperation. Every month that Germany continues the war will mean a year extra in returning to prosperity. The ruling military autocracy in Germany which brought on this war knew when they failed to reach Paris, and when they were driven off the seas, that there could be only one ending to it. But the German people have not seen it or known it. If our American Germans would only tell it to the German people the war would cease and the real winners would be the German people themselves.

AN AMERICAN.

VERSE

Poppies of the Red Year

I

The words that I have written
To me become as poppies;
Deep angry disks of scarlet flame full-glowing in the stillness
Of a shut room.

Silken their edges undulate out to me,
Drooping on their hairy stems:
Flaring like folded shawls, down-curved like rockets starting
To break and shatter their light.

Wide-flaunting and heavy, crinkle-lipped blossom
Starting faint shivers through me:
Globed Chinese lanterns on green silk cords a-swaying
Over motionless pools.

These are lamps of a festival sleep held each night to welcome me,
Crimson-bursting through dark doors.
Out to their dull blue heavy fumes of opium rolling
From their rent red hearts, I go to seek my dream.

II

A riven wall like a face half torn away
Stares blankly at the evening;
And from a window like a crooked mouth
It barks at the sunset sky.

Out over there, beyond,
On plains where night has settled
Tent-like encampments of vaporous blue smoke or mist
Three men are riding.

One of them looks and sees the sky,
One of them looks and sees the earth,
The last man looks and sees nothing at all.
They ride on.

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One of them pauses and says, "It is death."
Another one pauses and says, "It is life."
The last one pauses and says, "'Tis a dream."
His bridle shakes.

The sky
Is filled with oval bluish-tinted clouds
Through which the sun long settled strikes at random,
Enkindling here and there blotched circles of rosy light.

These are poppies
Unclosing immense corollas,
Waving the horsemen on.

Over the earth, upheaving, folding,
They ride: their bridles shake.
One of them sees the sky is red,
One of them sees the earth is dark,
The last man sees he rides to his death,
Yet he says nothing at all.

III

There will be no harvest at all this year,
For the gaunt black slopes arising
Lift the crumbled aching furrows of their fields, falling away,
To the rainy sky in vain.

But in the furrows
There is grass and many flowers:
Under the drooping, rain-smudged sky
Scarlet tossing poppies
Flutter their windlashed edges
On which gorged black flies poise and sway in drunken sleep.

The black flies hang
Above the tangled trampled grasses:
Grey crumpled bundles lie in them.
They sprawl,
Heave faintly,
And between their stiffened fingers
Run out clogged crimson trickles
Spattering the poppies and standing in beads on the grass.

IV

I saw last night
Sudden puffs of flame in the northern sky.

The sky was a dull expanse of rolling grey smoke
Lit faintly by the moon that hung
Its white face in a broken tree to east.

Within the depths of greenish greyish smoke
Were roars,
Crackles and spheres of vapour,
And then
Huge disks of crimson shooting up, falling away.

And I said, "These are flower-petals,
Sleep-petals, dream-petals,
Blown by the winds of a dream."

But still the crimson flashes rose,
They seemed to be
One great field of immense poppies bowing evenly,
Casting their viscid perfume on the earth.

The earth is sown with dead;
And out of these the red
Blooms are pushing up, advancing higher,
And each night brings them nigher,
Closer, closer to my heart.

V

By the sluggish canal
That winds between thin ugly dunes
There are no gliding boats with creaking ropes to-day.

But when the evening
Crouches down, like a hurt rabbit,
Under the everlasting rain-cloud whirling up the north horizon,
Downwards on the stream will float
Glowing points of fire.

Orange, coppery scarlet,
Crimson, rosy-flickering,
They pass the lanterns
Above the unknown dead.

Out where the sea, sailless,
Is mouthing and fretting
Its chaos of pebbles and dried sticks by the dunes.

By the wall of that house
That looks like a face half shorn away—
And from its flat mouth barks at the sky,
Which is glowing, shot with broad red disks of light,
Petals drowsily falling.

VI

"It was not for a sacred cause
Nor for faith, nor for new generations,
That unburied we roll and float
Beneath the flaming tumult of drunken sleep flowers;
But it was for a mad adventure,
Something we longed for, poisonous, seductive,
That we dared go out in the night together
Towards the glow that called us
On the unsown fields of death.

"Now we lie here, reaped, ungarnered,
Red swathes of a new harvest,
But you who follow after
Must struggle with our dream:
And out of its restless and oppressive night,
Filled with blue fumes, dull, choking;
You will draw hints of that vision
Which we hold aloof in silence."

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

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Drink and the Devil

Habits That Handicap, by Charles B. Towns. New York: The Century Co. $1.20 net.

A QUACK, as everyone knows, is a person who pretends to skill, usually in medicine or surgery, and puffs his own wonderful remedy—making a loud and foolish noise. Mr. Towns claims he can stop the morphia habit. Is he a quack? Well, Dr. Alexander Lambert of New York and Dr. Richard C. Cabot of Boston have estimable names. They lend them to Mr. Towns. Dr. Lambert sent Mr. Towns to Dr. Cabot. Dr. Cabot regarded as "entirely impossible" the claims that Mr. Towns made. Experience converted him. He not only verified Mr. Towns' statements. He duplicated his methods and his cures. "I do not hesitate to say," Dr. Cabot writes, "that he knows more about the alleviation and cure of drug addictions than any doctor that I have ever seen."

This book is not a treatise on Mr. Towns' method. It is a discourse on the "menace" of opium, alcohol and tobacco, and an exordium on the remedy. So far as regards tobacco, Mr. Towns seems to me unbalanced and unsound. As regards opium and alcohol, he seems to me to carry conviction. What he says about opium is primarily of interest to people who have formed the drug-habit or people who want to know how it can be cured. It is, secondly, of the greatest importance in respect to drug regulation. What he says about alcoholics is of even greater importance. Men are arrested every day for drunkenness and treated or ill-treated on account of drunkenness. Mr. Towns makes criticisms of this punishment for drunkenness which should revolutionize the current practices. Magistrates and police officials are public servants. They are responsive in some measure to public opinion. Seeing how wrong their attitude can be—Mr. Towns proves it—the sooner they can be influenced in a line with Mr. Towns' contentions, the better for everyone concerned.

"No cure exists, or ever will exist, for alcoholism." That is Mr. Towns' invincible belief. Yet he says also: "I cannot too strongly or too frequently reiterate the statement that there is no more desperate illness than chronic alcoholism." What treatment, then, can be adopted to restore an alcoholic to normal being? For the "home cure" or the sanitarium Mr. Towns has no good words to say, either for drug-habits or for alcoholism. He denounces deprivation in unmeasured terms. "With the alcoholic, as with the drug-taker," he says, "the first thing to be accomplished is the unpoisoning of the body. In order to accomplish this, it is first necessary to keep up the alcoholic medication, with ample sedatives, using great care lest the patient drift into that extreme nervous condition which leads to delirium. If delirium does occur, nothing but sleep can bring about an improvement in the patient's condition. . . . I am rather proud to state that from delirium tremens I have never lost a single case." But when the body is "unpoisoned," as Mr. Towns and Dr. Cabot say it can in a week be "unpoisoned," what then is the treament? And is it "guaranteed?"

"Thousands of decent men annually yield to alcohol, and are wrecked by it. The decent and potentially valuable citizen who through overwork, worry, sickness, sorrow, or even through a mistaken conception of social amenities and duties, drifts into excessive alcoholism is a victim of our imperfect social system, and repays remedial effort. Futhermore, such a man is invariably savable if he himself applies for salvation, assists with his own will in its application to his case, and pays his own money for the cure." The emphasis on money is deliberate. "My long experience has taught me that the man who does not feel a financial responsibility for that which is done for him is usually the least promising of all the cases brought to me."

Sympathy is not the secret of Mr. Towns' treatment—"that most striking evidence of weakness, a craving for sympathy rather than blame." Nurses "must do as little hand-holding and sympathizing as possible even in the cases of ultra-nervous women patients." "The first thing a physician must do when dealing with an alcoholic is to cut every string of excuse which lies between him and his habit. He must leave nothing of this sort to which the drinker may cling. Sickness, worry, unhappy circumstances of whatever sort must immediately be eliminated as excuses for alcoholic indulgence." I like that brisk word *immediately*. It sounds so simple. But Mr. Towns knows what he means. And it leads to his truth: "Nothing except a man's own mind, whether the treatment extends over six weeks, six months, or six years, can ever relieve him of the danger of a relapse into alcoholism."

Among alcoholics there are incurables. "Many alcoholics never have been and probably never could be useful citizens. Waste of money and emotion on them is lamentable to contemplate; the sums at present thus hopelessly thrown away would aggregate enough really to restore every alcoholic actually curable. Sentimentalists do not like to admit the limitations of useful help, but those limitations do exist, and we should reckon with them."

The curables, however, are different. "The curables among alcoholics are intense and pitiable sufferers. They have never had real help. They have been penalized. . . . An intelligent handling of this subject would close or entirely reform ninety-nine per cent of the public institutions devoted to the care of inebriates, and would depopulate one-half of the sanitariums between the Atlantic and the Pacific."

Granted a man is curable, "the first effort should be devoted to reëstablishing his confidence in himself. He should be 'given a new mind' upon the subject of drink and general self-indulgence." "The alcoholic idle poor are virtually hopeless; the alcoholic idle rich are absolutely hopeless." "I cannot say with too great emphasis that self-respecting pride is the main hope of the alcoholic." "The whole effort of society in dealing with the alcoholic should be to prevent those things which at present are the very ones which it accomplishes—mental depression, loss of pride, disgrace, and loss of social position. I am inclined to think that as the world grows older it will be more and more convinced of the inefficiency of punishment, and more and more aware of the necessity of reform through helpfulness." And again: "Self-respect must be protected at every stage of the struggle as the patient's only hope. My purpose here is to show that the only chance of reforming most alcoholics is giving them opportunity through this physiological change [unpoisoning] to reëstablish confidence in themselves." "A man cannot be cured of alcoholism. He can be given medical aid which will restore his self-control."

That the cure comes back in the end to "self-respect" seems a rather empty truism. In point of fact, however, it is the phraseology rather than the thought that makes it a platitude. Where the moralist is annoying is in suggesting that man exists for the sake of temperance. One can act much more receptively to the idea that temperance exists for the sake of the man. What Mr. Towns emphasizes is that morphine, cocaine, heroin, trional, sul-

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phonal, somnose, orangeine, shac, and alcohol are poor instruments in the struggle for existence. They don't pay. If he were a moralist, however, he would probably advocate instant deprivation. He doesn't advocate deprivation. It doesn't pay. He advocates a treatment that quickly snaps the chain of the habit. Then, once the victim stands free to choose, he puts it up to the victim. And he argues, to my mind soundly and admirably, that if the victim possesses a proper sense of proportion he will put his money on his plain Self as against any drug-credited and drug-mortgaged self. As between man and the major drugs, he doesn't believe man can meet the mortgage. The terms are Chinese —immensely seductive credit and incredibly harsh collections. But he warns his audience that his is a court in which the claims of a drug must be liquidated once and for all.

As a psychoanalyst Mr. Towns may be naïve, but he has a way of arousing confidence in his assertions. It is for himself, however, as a signpost on a road to remedy, that he should most be read.

In regard to tobacco, however, I do not think Mr. Towns makes out his case as to the damage. He says that "there is nothing to be said in its favor save that it gives pleasure." The popular feeling among smokers is that this pleasure is worth the cost. "It hurts the wind," says Mr. Towns. But wind! "It tends to produce catarrh and therefore catarrhal deafness." But think of all the nice old ladies catarrhally deaf. "It tends to reduce a man's general vigor." It "causes apprehension, hyper-excitability, and muscular unrest." This leads one to believe that that young man who "stayed all night at the Y. M. C. A." was probably a cigarette smoker. Yes, says Mr. Towns—"cigarettes, drink, opium, is the logical and regular series." "I consider cigarette-smoking is the greatest vice devastating humanity to-day, because it is doing more than any other vice to devastate the race." Tut, tut.

Mr. Towns is extremely emphatic, almost hyper-excited, on the subject of tobacco. "The more you compare smoking and drinking and drugging, the more resemblances you see." Why not stop comparing them? It leads one to assert that "the use of cigarettes is responsible for the undoing of seventy-five per cent of the boys who go wrong." If Mr. Towns wishes to hold to this he will have to fight it out with the author of "The Individual Delinquent," Dr. William Healy, director of the Psychopathic Institute, Juvenile Court, Chicago, who asserts that "there have been many exaggerations of the bad effects of smoking. Only in occasional cases where tobacco was begun very early have we found the individual directly led through the use of it into anti-social behavior."

One grievance remains against the author of this brave humane book. It should never have been re-issued from magazine articles with so many tiresome repetitions. Apart from this it is readable. But its chief virtue is the impulse it gives its readers to take a new view of alcoholism and a new view of drug dispensation. It is of course that bane of the professional, a popular book on disease. But while the professionals are ready to prescribe for their patients, they are not able to die for them. Every man in the end does his own dying. If he wishes to postpone that obligation for himself, and help postpone it for others, any new light on therapeutics is welcome. We have left the ways of innocence. We are most of us stumbling among the stupidities of self-treatment and self-deception. Mr. Towns will manage to harry and hurry some of us into wisdom.

F. H.

Short Cuts to Culture

Thomas Carlyle: How to Know Him, by Bliss Perry. With a Portrait. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50 net.

IN spite of the increasing number of happy marriages between the academe and the chautauqua, slight stage-fright seems to grip our college professors when they confront a popular audience. It is very curious, this intellectual embarrassment, because we are a gullible people in all matters of culture; eager to learn, too, and—so long as we run no risk of being urged to work hard—enthusiastic. Perhaps it is our aversion to working hard which causes the professors' shrinking. Environed by traditions of severe intellectual training and careful scholarship, they become panicky before the eager popular demand for facile impressionism. It is useless to deny that such a demand exists. Only a very kindly observer of American ways could detect any love of clear discipline and patient thinking in so—as we too commonly tend to regard it—butterfly a department of human life as literature. We still bring our older habits of heedless rush, acquired from the headstrong activity of our commercial and industrial life, into the redemption of our leisure, and then are vaguely troubled that our leisure often seems so thin and colorless.

Shameful though it be, a few of our professors have even encouraged this sort of thing, emulating in culture the decayed get-rich-quick ideal of believers in economic miracles. How to compose short stories has been taught us in books of less than two hundred pages, written by men with solid degrees. Plunging through one volume, Shakespeare could be learned in a week, even if you didn't read his plays. So skilfully compacted into monographs have been the "messages" of Browning or Shelley that their actual verse has become a trivial irrelevancy. The gist of Bergson and Eucken could be won by joining a club. The lecture habit has grown, and on our weakness for reading three times as many book reviews as we do books popular magazines have been founded. Interpretation rather than intimacy has interested us, until we might say that our popular understanding of literature, borrowing a distinction of Bertrand Russell's, is more knowledge by description than knowledge by acquaintance.

But to imply that all our college professors were guilty of fostering this spirit would, of course, be quite unfair. Most of them are sincere enough, and when they address an audience other than an academic one their feeling is oftenest a feeling of timorousness. They seem afraid to be frank with their audience; they do not trust it. Compare this air of restraint with the urbanity and ease, the graceful distinction of tone, so characteristic of many of the books of literary criticism in that admirable series, the Home University Library. Somehow or other the English collegiates do not seem to feel that by unbending they will become negligible, or that their intellectual position compels them to be sententious. They don't patronize, yet they don't gloss over. But the American professor seems unable to avoid his dilemma. He knows the path to an adequate understanding of his subject is difficult and sometimes wearying; he also knows his audience expects him to make it easy and invariably pleasant. A very human desire to interest his audience and to some extent gratify its expectations animates him, but he has an intellectual conscience as well. His problem is one of reconciliation.

Unquestionably it is a hard nut to crack. Often in trying to be popular the professor only succeeds in being con-

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descending. Of course his audience spiritedly resents this, and he retires to his ivory academic tower mournfully shaking his head at the lowered taste of the age. Worse still, yielding to what he believes the popular wish, he merely contrives to cheapen his subject, making it seem near when really it is remote, easy when difficult. He substitutes the vicarious thrill which comes just from being in the company of greatness for the subtler, more ecstatic thrill which comes from an imagination steeped and colored in it, from a genuine understanding of it. In other words, "he lets us down easy." This is the get-rich-quick manner, the original curse of American culture; this is the flattering of popular intellectual vices; it is charlatanry pure and simple. Yet we should condemn these authors softly, for charlatans are often stimulating. Even dishonest books may have that electric essential of provocativeness; even the inaccurate and the unscholarly may possess that peculiar gift of stimulation which constitutes an irresistible urge to go back to sources. *Faute de mieux,* the charlatan sometimes performs a function. He is intellectually disreputable, but at least he forgets his stiff, dress-suit manner. He is democratic enough to treat the dead as if they were alive and not as if he had resurrected them.

The bulk of our professors, however, are neither charlatans nor snobs. More honest, they have hit upon what one might call the expostulatory method. Many of them write books which are nothing except long exhortations to go back to originals, with generous quotations from them. Bliss Perry's new book on Carlyle is substantially this. There is little serious attempt to re-create Carlyle's personality, to place him in his historical setting, to locate the influences that moulded him, to let us, as Carlyle himself might phrase it, *see* the Fact. Two hundred and sixty-two pages make up the volume, of which approximately eighty pages are by the ostensible author and the balance, over two-thirds of the book, quotations from Carlyle or from books about him, like those of Garnett and Froude. Peptonized expositions of Carlyle's leading ideas weld together the longer pieces of quotation. "A fresh attempt to let Carlyle explain himself and his views as adequately as the inexorable count of pages will permit," the author calls his book.

The pity of it is that this method digs a pit deeper than the chasm in which the charlatan so blithely plunges. Towards the end of "Carlyle: How to Know Him," Professor Perry speaks in a depreciatory tone of current American impressionism, of our tendency to read "by scraps and patches." Then comes: "This very book . . . cannot be expected to correct in the least degree this widespread temper of our age." The fact to which Professor Perry seems so strangely blind is that a book like "Carlyle: How to Know Him" not only does not help to remove dilettantism, it helps actually to encourage it. It falls right in line with that bugbear of our cultural life, the get-rich-quick idea. It fosters the quaint notion that the substance of Carlyle—and of all great authors who lived over twenty-five years ago—is something that, like a dead langauge, can be leaned by rote, and that the ability to rattle off its first conjugation constitutes culture. On such books thrives the widely-accepted fallacy of education as a sort of picturesque plastering of the mind. Not merely is "Carlyle: How to Know Him" superogatory and valueless, it is a positive influence for evil. I am tempted almost to say that it is worse than charlatanry, for is it not a kind of charlatanry subtly unconscious of itself? A common academic fallacy is the foundation of the whole thing—the delusion that quotation is explication.

Back of this delusion lies a reason creditable to our professors' honesty, if not to their insight. They feel that so far as they go they will be correct—they will not change their subject. They feel that the best way to be stimulating is to quote the stimulating portions of their subject. In this ingenious evasion of their real problem, however, they forget completely that their quotation becomes selected quotation, quotation of the high spots. Inevitably this turns into something not explication at all—it turns into spicy distortion. What real critical value is left? The complexity of the subject is never sensed by the eager searcher after easy culture; it is all made clear and simple, just as he had hoped for. His perversity in believing culture a mere smattering to be "picked up" becomes invincible. It is amusing; it is pathetic.

If once and for all our professors would get over their odd timorousness before a popular audience and trust it, acquire the habit of treating their subject realistically, this particular illusion would evaporate into the limbo of academic bad dreams. American professors might often be more intellectually democratic. Only the aristocrat confuses the popular hatred of being bored with fear of difficulties. Enthusiasm, love of the subject, the readiness and wit to coördinate it with the turmoil of life in the present, a little real humanism, in a word—these qualities, and though a professor write on metaphysics or Icelandic sagas he will discover lines forming in front of the book-stalls. Offhand it is difficult to think of anybody in America who ought to be able to write a finer short book on Carlyle than Bliss Perry. But he distrusted his public, he suffered from collegiate timorousness, his hand faltered and he fell to quoting. Before the eyes of the populace he dangles the

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"'SONGS FOR THE NEW AGE' IS A MILESTONE IN OUR POETIC PROGRESS."
—Boston Transcript.

delectable bits of Carlyle, hoping against hope—as he himself confesses—that the populace will be tempted to the more generous feast that Carlyle himself has spread for it in his twenty-five volumes. Afraid the public would be bored at the book he could write, he sets himself to the business of enticement. Of course the public will promptly mistake this for the last word in higher criticism, and just those evil habits which Professor Perry himself is the first to condemn will be encouraged. What an ironic waste of fine scholarship and sympathetic insight!

HAROLD STEARNS.

The Balkan Tangle Explained

Nationalism and War in the Near East, by a Diplomatist. Published for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. $4.15 net.

IN American thinking on international affairs the Balkan problem has always been an impenetrable jungle. We have known that for generations every European statesman has kept an eye on the map of the Balkans, and that the prophecy was long current that if ever a general war occurred, it would originate in the Balkans. Every chancellory in Europe was in a state of high tension while the allied Balkan states were engaged in expelling the Turk from Macedonia and Thrace, and when the successful war of coalition was followed by the monstrous war of partition, everyone familiar with European international affairs was apprehensive of a general collapse of European relations. For the time the efforts of the statesmen were successful in shoring up the threatened structure; but every Power proceeded to strengthen its military resources and accumulate financial reserves. Suddenly came the great war, out of a clear sky, according to the prevailing American view.

That it should seem to us that the war came out of a clear sky is sufficient indication that we may profitably make ourselves more familiar with recent Balkan history. What may be of still more importance is an insight into the conditions of an enduring peace. The second Balkan war concluded with a treaty of peace that penalized the aggressor as many of us would like to see Germany penalized. And the outcome of that peace is the present war.

The anonymous diplomat who writes on "Nationalism and War in the Near East" is an Englishman of long experience in the home diplomatic service and in the Balkans. As a clue to the maze of Balkan intrigue and war he traces out the several nationality movements from their inception, and the resultant conflict of ambitions. Greece was conscious of a mission of winning the Aegean littoral and the ancient imperial capital of the race, Constantinople; Bulgaria was bending every effort to recover the boundaries marked out by the treaty of San Stefano; Serbia was forced by Austrian pressure from the northwest to expand into the sphere marked out for herself by Bulgaria; Rumania, prevented by Russia and Austria from extending her boundaries to include her nationals in Bukowina and Bessarabia, sought jealously for predominance in the Balkans. So long as Turkey remained unregenerate, each aspirant could remain quiet, hoping for the greater share in the final reversion. But with the Young Turk movement, nationalism began to animate Turkey herself. It was incumbent upon the Balkan states to dismember Turkey before her reorganization should be completed, or forfeit their claims forever.

But it could easily have been foreseen that with Turkey

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driven back to Constantinople, disagreements would arise over the spoils. Optimists of the west, to be sure, hoped that the Balkan coalition would ripen into a confederation, and this would greatly have simplified the problem. But nothing short of coercion from without could have held together states with peoples of such sharply distinct characteristics.

Comparing the Balkan situation of to-day with that of the British Isles in the fifteenth century, our author draws an analogy between the Bulgars and lowland Scotch, the Serbs and Irish, the Albanians and Welsh, the Greeks and English, the Rumanians and French. Without pressing the analogy too far, we can gain from it some light on the difficulties of Balkan confederation.

If harmony was not to be attained through permanent union, there was a possible solution in the action of the great Powers. Each Balkan state was connected with some greater Power by ties that the author distinguishes as "democratic" and "diplomatic." British sympathy with Greece, for example, was a popular or democratic sympathy. British support of Turkey, on the other hand, was diplomatic. The diplomatic relation is purely self-seeking. The extinction of the Turk would have interfered with British imperialistic plans. The democratic relation is altruistic. Grant now this twofold relation of each great Power to some Balkan state, and it becomes plain why the tangle was inextricable. No great Power could give rein to its democratic sympathies without consulting its diplomatic interests, nor without coming into conflict with the diplomatic interests of other Powers. If the selfish diplomatic interests could have been eliminated and the democratic sympathies of the Powers could have been given free play, the Macedonian question could have been settled half a century ago. Turkey would have been expelled to Asia, and her European dominions would have been distributed with a fair degree of equity. The world would not have been shocked by the unending series of Macedonian massacres. There would have been no First and Second Balkan wars, nor would the present European war have been necessary. But not one of the great Powers has maintained consistently a democratic relation in the Balkans. Each mixed corrupt motives with pure, and helped to make the final conflagration inevitable.

And this same confusion of motives that made it impossible for the great Powers to restrain the Balkan states in their projected attack on Turkey, made them impotent to check the outbreak of the war between the allies after the Turk was beaten. The great Powers stood by while a most inauspicious peace was being forced upon Bulgaria—a peace destined to make perpetual the bitterness engendered by war. Under the terms of the treaty harmony could not possibly be restored between Bulgaria and Serbia. It seems almost incredible that Europe acquiesced.

The work under review is essentially one of analysis, with only so much of matter of fact as is necessary for elucidation of the main theses. The reader at first misses the consecutive quality that serves to convey the impression of reality. Generalization follows generalization bewilderingly, and the means are not at hand for checking their validity. But the final impression left with the reader is an unshakable conviction of the author's competence and reliability. His method of presentation, which at first seems journalistic, proves in the end to be philosophic. The book is not only the most illuminating that has been written on recent Balkan history; it is one of the most stimulating in the general literature of European international relations.

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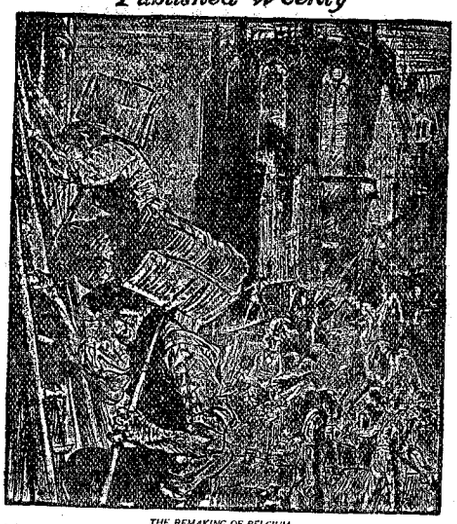

THE REMAKING OF BELGIUM
Little as it is realized, this process is actually going on. Drawing by William Francis Brangwyn (See page 210)

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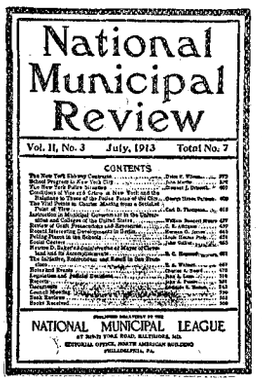
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